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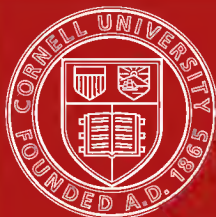
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SKETCHES OF GASPÉ

BY
JOHN M. CLARKE

ALBANY
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1908



PERCÉ ROCK

INTRODUCTION

It is my hope that the kindly people of the Gaspé Coast, to whom these sketches come and who will be first to detect their shortcomings, may not be indisposed at this attempt to picture some aspects of their country. Where settlements are so venerable it may seem a somewhat intrusive enthusiasm that regards this ancient coast a theme for special discourse, but I have approached Gaspé less with a tourist's eye than with a mind absorbed by some of its scientific problems. The effort to solve the latter has awakened a lively appreciation of its other attractions and a geologist's interest in the rocks and fossils of the country has served to sharpen my apperceptions of the rest. To other readers I may say that there may be some excuse for these untechnical sketches in the fact that very little has been written in English of this inviting country, save in the way of statistical reports or unpoetical inducements to colonization.

In the presence of the ancient settlements of Gaspé, the scion of modern towns must feel a proper deference, the decent outcome of respect for a long, if uneventful, past. Life has gone slowly on this coast, not with the leaps and bounds of newer invasions, but nevertheless in obeisance to an all pervading law of nature. Upon the earth of today and of the long yesterday are everywhere types of animal and plant life which have rested complacently without change through the ages while their associates have strode on leaving their early companions far aside in the forward or backward evolution of the race. In a world so solely given over to competition, so abandoned to the purpose to arrive, the conservative is unusual enough to be fascinating; it is the anchor which enables the ship to ride out the onrush of the waves; the steamer's sail which serves to steady its progress; it is the rotund and comfortable mother fortifying and ensuring all that is best in the race.

If amongst my readers there are any unfamiliar with this coast let me give a proper location for these observations.

Gaspé is that vast peninsula of Eastern Quebec which lies between the broad mouth of the St Lawrence river and the Bay of

Chaleur, facing the waters of the Gulf of St Lawrence. It is the Gaspé Peninsula, more trippingly termed in the French, Gaspésie and in the English, Gaspesia, charmingly corrupted by the habitant to Gaspesys. Properly, Gaspé is Gaspé County, which, with Bonaventure County at the south, divides most of the great peninsula. It is Gaspé County which here concerns us most, which carries the most striking contrasts of coast and mountain, where the wilderness still prevails except along a narrow belt of shore, which is farthest from the world's thoroughfares and where the geologic features are most inviting.

Gaspé County in size might be a king's realm. It is larger than the State of Massachusetts or the Kingdom of Saxony, but it may never carry a greatly larger population than is now represented in the scattered villages along its coasts. It is no regret to the lover of its genuine attractions that official invitations to colonization have borne but little fruit, or that the tourist has hardly yet begun his inroads.

Geographically, it is a great headland projecting into the Gulf, deeply indented for a length of sixteen miles by Gaspé Bay, which divides it unfairly, leaving only the slender peninsula of Little Gaspé, or the Forillon, between it and the St Lawrence river and broadly incut by the Malbay, whence southward to the Bay of Chaleur the coast is undivided.

Gaspé County, though today menaced by a railroad, has for its chief land thoroughfare the highway winding along the shore between the mountains and the water, or over and along the mountain slopes. From these are short branches leading to back concessions or up the larger rivers, but even the coast road is not very old and men hardly past their prime have told me of their part in the building of it.

I do not know how many thousand people are living and trying to live in the great county, but not many. Census reports are always accessible, but they make no record of the fact that though all told there are barely enough to make a small city yet these are unfailingly kind, courteous and hospitable. The population seems to increase, in spite of all governmental inducements, only by the time-honored method. Large families prevail and flourish on the scanty livings which sea and soil afford to the often much bested struggler for existence. The fish, the lumber and the chilly farms are the sources from which happiness and contentment are here derived.

SKETCHES OF GASPÉ

THE SCENERY OF THE MOUNTAINS

I

The Ocean's Work; at Percé; on the Forillon—Destruction of the Forillon—The Forillon Sinking—The American Bank—Scenery of the Forillon—Mt St Alban—The King's Road—Origin of the word Forillon—Hognedo or Honguedo—View from the Forillon—Shiphead—Origin of the word Gaspé—The End of the Appalachian System—Date of the Forillon—Little Gaspé

Through whatever eyes it be viewed, the happiest combination for the true appreciation of scenery is a mixture of the geologist and the artist. There must be something of each in every real devotee of nature.' To the artist's eye, delicacy of coloring, refinements of light and shade, exactitude of perspective and boldness of contrast, all quickly apprehended, arouse an intellectual enthusiasm so long as the picture lasts. I am temerarily disposed to put the geologist's appreciation of scenery on a different and higher plane. His eye is not blinded, though it may be less keen to the passing contrasts in the unceasing play of refraction and reflection, but these transitory embellishments of the scene dawn upon him gradually, because, seeing first the topographic forms and seeking their causes, his appreciation begins only when these causes have fully revealed themselves. This will not be at the first glance at an unfamiliar landscape, but more often than not comes only after long and laborious research.

At Percé, the most dramatic spot on the Gaspé Coast, where brush and pen both falter, where jagged cliffs, insulated rock, sombre headlands and grassy slopes encircle the consecrated mountain of Ste Anne, and almost every shade of the spectrum bends its rays to the eye, an artist strolled in five and twenty years ago, schooled and practised. During all these years, the ever changing colors over the changeless forms so imbued his being that no other

can hope to appreciate as he the panorama there displayed, or to sound the depths of his spiritual delight in it.* But to the geologist the brilliant cliffs do not assault the sky in vain. The great Pierced Rock is not merely a glorious mass of soft reds and yellows and greens, nor Ste Anne only an uplifted blood-red altar mantled with deathless verdure of spruce and fir. They are all these and more, for apart from their esthetic beauties and beneath their brilliant exteriors are the secrets of their origin and the keys which unlock many a serious problem in the making of the earth.

The scenery of Gaspé rather than its history first invites us as it is the more insinuating, the more venerable and to the traveler the more immediate. Gaspesian scenery lends itself most readily to either scientific or sentimental treatment. I may be detected in indulging in the latter, but I trust not at the expense of fidelity to the former.

The scenery of Gaspé County has a natural geological basis of diversity. The eye recognizes the profound differences at once, even though unconscious of their causes. The whole country is underlain by a series of great troughs and folds of the rocks running almost parallel to each other and to the shores of Gaspé Bay, and these project at the shore line in the majestic and ragged cliffs which form the striking and brilliant features of the coast, Whitehead, the torn cliffs of Percé, the threatening reefs of St Peter, the bold walls of Shiphead, Bon Ami and St Alban. Beneath these folds, and forming the foundation on which they rest, are the vertical and distorted strata of much more ancient date, that make the low cliffs of Cape Rosier and extend thence eastward in majestic walls all along the shore of the lower St Lawrence. Lying almost flat on top of the crests of all the folds south of Gaspé Bay, and near the coast, is an enormous mantle of brilliant red conglomerate and sandstone, rising from the base to the highest summits of Percé Mountain.

Speaking then with precision, these heights of Gaspé divide themselves into the true mountains, wherein the rock strata have been folded, and the great dissected plateau of Percé Mountain, where there has been no crumpling of the strata. Singularly enough, this plateau is highest of all these heights as they now stand, save for

* This is a reference to Mr. Frederick James whose greatly lamented death has occurred since this page was written. With attributes of artistic genius were combined in Mr. James attractive personality based on broad culture and large sympathy.

the greater mountains of the Shickshocks in the remoter inland south of the St Lawrence.

The outline of the Gaspé Coast expresses only the present phase of its history. The eternal ocean, unceasingly pounding at its edges, has gnawed it into its present form. This great mill of the gods has slowly ground back to its primal mud an enormous body of rock which, not so long ago as time is reckoned in geology, was a part of the land. One will go far indeed to find such magnificent demonstrations of the devouring power of the sea. At Percé it has cut away Bonaventure Island from along the flanks of Mt Ste Anne and the shores of the South Bay, by a channel three miles wide, from which remnants of the old rock still project above the water; it has cut away the Pierced Rock from the headlands of Mt Joli and Cape Canon, with which it once formed a now lost mountain; it has eaten away another and greater mountain above the North Beach, leaving to the present only the ragged Murailles, which formed its southern flanks.

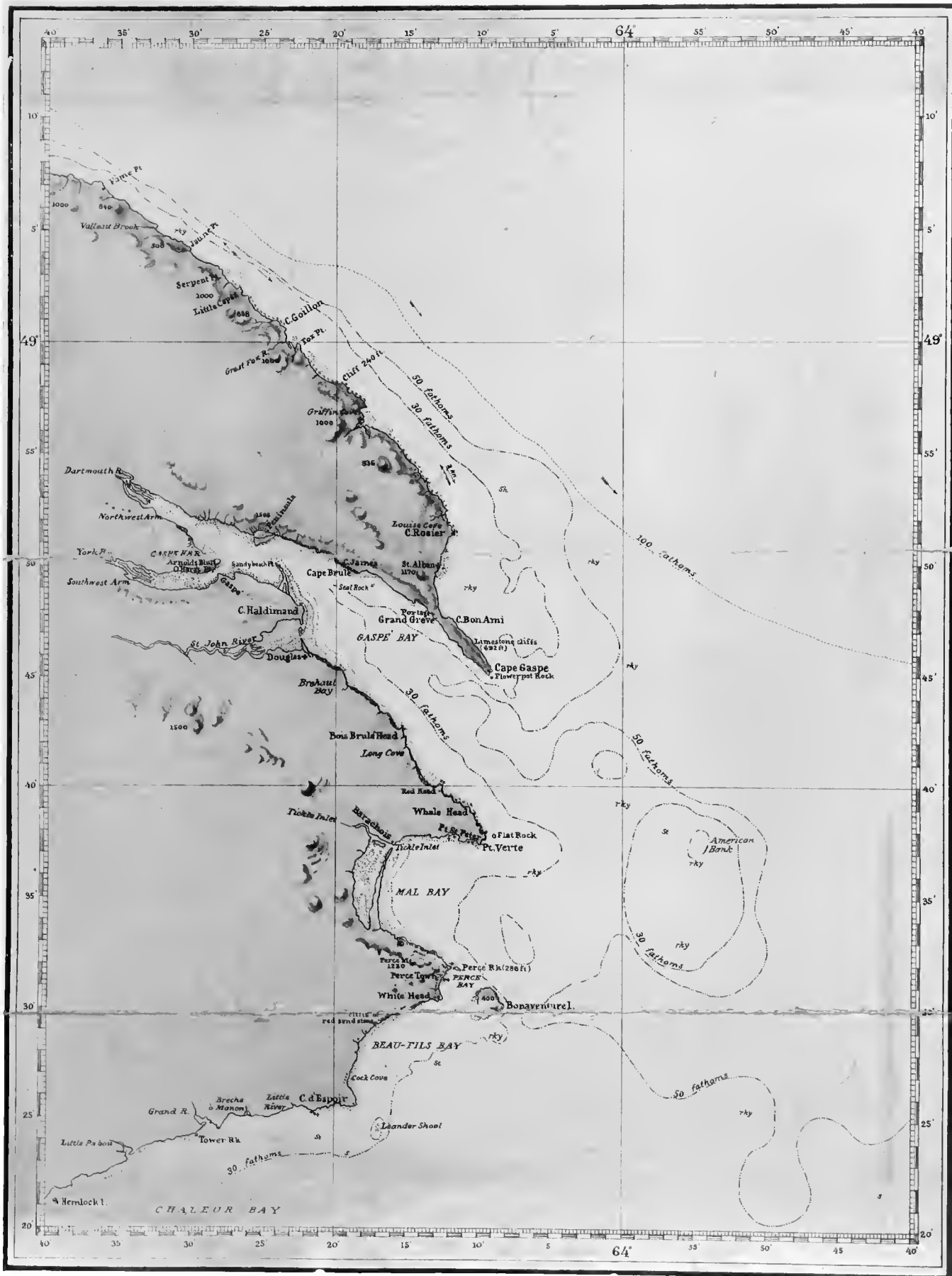
To observe the ocean's work about the peninsula of Little Gaspé, or the Forillon, let the eye follow on our hydrographic chart the line of thirty fathoms. The little spine of land that runs from Grande Grève to Cape Gaspé rises seven hundred feet along the sea cliffs and falls sheer to the St Lawrence on the northern side. Yet on the north at the foot of this inaccessible escarpment the sea-bottom falls away very gradually, and it is full five miles from the present coast-line before it reaches a depth of one hundred and eighty feet. All this volume of rock, represented by the width of five miles bounding the coast and a height far greater than a thousand feet, has the ocean gnawed away from Cape Gaspé in comparatively recent time.

Now if the eye follow this thirty fathom line along the shore of Gaspé Bay from Grande Grève and Indian Cove to the Cape it will be seen that off this coast the fall is abjectly downward from six and sixteen fathoms to thirty-eight, forty and fifty-two fathoms. Here the phenomena are the counterpart of those on the other shore. All the rock strata are regularly and deeply inclined toward the waters of the Bay, and the waves strike only along the smooth, dipping surfaces of the layers. On this side it is not the gnawing of the ocean that shows itself by the abrupt submarine descent, but a continuation of the dipping rocks carried on downward for full three hundred feet. The ocean is eating away on both sides of the little peninsula, but on the north at a tremendous advantage, pound-

ing away, under the fierce impact of the northeast storms, against the edges of the rocks, while the south side is attacked only by the quieter waters of the Bay against its smooth sloping faces. There is little doubt this land is sinking with comparative rapidity. Occasionally along the flanks of this peninsula can be seen a trace of ancient sea beaches and from Indian Cove to the Cape is a fine wave cut rock terrace high over the present water level and these indicate a former upward movement of the land. Mr A. W. Dolbel, agent of the extensive and venerable fishing establishments of the William Fruing Company, who has been stationed on the Gaspé coast for nearly fifty years, tells me that twice in his experience it has been necessary to move further up the beach at the Grande Grève, the seaward panel of the drying racks for the herring nets, because of the encroachments of the sea. The beaches at Le Huquet's, St George's and Indian Coves, all along the south shore, are known to be narrower than in the earlier days of the settlement; so that today the southern margin of the Forillon is sinking.

Let us look again at the map and follow the lines of forty and fifty fathoms. Fifty fathoms is less than half the height of the rocks rising straight above the water at Shiphead, and yet should the water fall away these three hundred feet the land would run out into the Gulf, following the direction of the mountain range, until it included all the rocky shoals called the "American Bank," once a part of the same range of mountains. Even an elevation of the sea bottom for one hundred feet would turn the American bank into a rocky island of no small dimensions. Such it once was. Now wasted by the waters, the home of the cod, it leaves only to the imagination the scenes of life played out on the grassy slopes during the ages before its destiny was accomplished. Like the Lyonesse, it may have had its Armored in the unrecorded and unsubmerged days of its past.

So the little peninsula of the Forillon, survivor of a grander past, now barely a half mile across at the portage above the Grande Grève, is not only going down, but being devoured as it goes. But it is too soon to sing its requiem. Majestic stands its rib of mountains, the still mighty flank of a once mightier range. On its southward slopes are planted some of the serenest and most contented homes I have known; its farms, often pitched at angles of twenty degrees to the water, yield their increase, while the crest of spruce and fir adds softness and beauty to every contour. One may here start at the waters of Gaspé Bay and, climbing upward, a short



HYDROGRAPHIC CHART OF EASTERN GASPÉ.

half hour will bring him to the cliffs of Bon Ami, seven hundred feet straight over the waters of the St Lawrence. Off at his left, above the curve of Rosier Cove, towers bare St Alban, twelve hundred feet, the highest point reached by these rocks in their upward inclination. If he will take the King's Road, which traverses the peninsula from Grande Grève to Cape Rosier, it will lead him at first gently through a way embowered in evergreens and bring him with startling abruptness almost to the height of the Bon Ami cliffs. Lying on his belly on the grass of the roadside, he may test his nerve by watching the waves break at the base of the concave cliff hundreds of feet below him. Mighty St Alban rises again at his left, a gray bare rock wall on its sea front, embrasured in a sloping talus of its own fragments and resting on the projecting point of rock called "the Quay" at the edge of the water. St Alban seems the very genius of the place, a stern, weather-beaten god, skirted in his kirtle of fallen rocks, with foot planted forward on the strand, bidding a vain defiance to the waves. I rather suspect that King Knut who is popularly known to have been guilty of some such impotent defiance to the onrushing waves, may have to take his place as a like imposing sea cliff among the geological myths, together with Lot's wife, Niobe, and the Chimaera.

The King's Road, which reaches the summit of the cliffs, from this point becomes quite impossible, pitching down at an indescribable angle, but it comes out at last, beyond the line of vision, to the broad flat triangle of Cape Rosier and to a wholly different series of rocks which produce quite distinct scenic effects.

Some of the earliest of the French explorers, perhaps Champlain, termed this narrow peninsula, this spine of land which we have been describing, the Forillon*. In some early maps and in the *Jesuit Relations*, the name, often spelled Fourillon, is attached only to the cape now called by the English, Shiphead. Out at the end of Shiphead until 1851 stood an obelisk of rock which the sea had separated from the cliff. To this the name Forillon was vicariously applied, the name of the whole being taken for the part. The obelisk was also and still is to the French, *La Vieille*, the Old Woman, which, says the Abbe Ferland, with its tufted cap of ver-

*Describing the hills and headland on the south shore of Gaspé bay, Nicholas Denys in his "Description" (1672) says: "Cette pointe se nomme le Forillon, il y a une petite Isle devant on les pecheurs de Gaspé viennent faire leur degrad pour trouver la moulue" (p. 234). This use of the name is quite at variance with that of earlier writers who applied it only to the northern peninsula.

ture, resembles some of the Canadian grandmothers. Admiral Bayfield put it down on his charts as the *Flowerpot*, and so it stands today on English maps. It has been suggested that Forillon may be derived from the word *forer*, to drill or bore; as one should say, a drill, and certainly this long narrow spine upon the charts might well suggest such a name. Others would have it that the term had reference to the piercing of the end of the cape by the parting of the obelisk, and so the word applied to that only. Be this as it may, the obelisk is gone. La Vieille has long since fallen, and nothing remains but the Flowerpot, and we very much need for constant use a term for this Gaspé spine. So I shall call it the Forillon, believing that in so doing we return to its original use. On Lescarbot's map of 1612 the little peninsula bears the name *Hognedo*, and it would seem that he himself was responsible for its application to the place. When Cartier returned to this coast, in 1535, on his second voyage, bringing back with him the two Indian boys whom he had carried away from Gaspé the year before, as his ship hove in sight of the lofty headland the lads greeted the home ground with delighted cries of "Honguedo! Honguedo!" Later writers have construed this word either as the tribal name of the people, or their equivalent to *home*.

From the broad fist of Rosier Cape and Cove, this thin peninsula runs out into the sea like an index finger, as it might say to the traveler



Mark well her bulwarks

From the homes pitched high on the slopes of the Forillon the eye sweeps over a magnificent stretch of bay and sea and distant mountains, and never tires at the infinitude of variety in the scene. The Forillon itself and the hills of Little Gaspé are so foreshortened as to be almost lost. The observer seems to view the panorama spread before him as do the gulls wending their way from their roost on the Bon Ami cliffs to their feeding grounds in the barachois at Douglastown. The whole stretch of Gaspé Bay lies before the eye from the hillside galleries. Far away at the west are the rounded sandstone mountains of Gaspé Basin, besmudged by the smoke clouds from the lumber mills at the great sandbar. Here the panorama begins, and under the circling eye pass in due succession the low cliffs of Douglastown with its sandbars, its tickle and barachois lying low to the waterline, the long gray rock face of

Chien Blanc, the reddish timbered hills of Bois Brulé, and the crimson sea-wall of sandstone running on eastward to Point St Peter, the end of the south shore save for the little lighthouse-crowned Plateau Island at its tip. Above these lower heights of the foreground rise at the east the graceful curves of majestic Percé Mountain, twenty-four miles away as the cormorant flies, crowned at the summit with the shrine of Ste Anne. The good saint often draws her mantle of fog about her, but on a fair day from the Forillon her cross is an undisguised test of unweakened vision. Looking from the higher slopes of the Forillon, the Percé Rock slips above the horizon, and from Shiphead light at the tip of the Cape one sees Bonaventure Island stretched out for its full length. Beyond them all the great expanse of gulf waters.

To the portrayal of the sublime and awe-inspiring in nature, the vehement which impinges on the vision and beats its way through the portals of the brain, our language, well-handled, lends itself with adequacy, but to paint in words these gentler aspects and her more insinuating moods when she addresses herself to the heart and permeates the being of the observer with a delicious sensuousness, here, I think, our common vehicle falters. The views from the Forillon are not at all as I have described them, the gentler embellishments, their brilliancy of color and freshness of life are lacking. Here on the rising slopes of the little farms fighting their way upward against the spruce and fir, on an August day are carpets of coral-red pigeon berries set in emerald nests, great clusters of heavy gold-tipped tansy and golden rod fill the fence corners, the fallow fields are blue with climbing vetch or gleam with rugs of crimson *Monarda*. Banks of white immortelles are at every hand, while daisy and tall dandelion add color to the scheme. From such a bower the eye looks down the long slope to the water, dotted with the flats and barges of the fishermen, and across the water to the distant mountains. With every passing cloud the scene is changed. Shadows come and go upon the distant summits, deepening their azure with an approaching storm, blackening as the storm impends and blotting them out as it bursts. The oncoming autumn effects little change in the aspect of the evergreen woodlands, but there are still patches of hardwood trees where autumnal tints are painted in extravagant brilliancy.

We were speaking of the pernicious activity of the sea in the destruction of the Forillon. Aided by the northwest storms and frosts, the waters will continue to waste its mountains, pare down

St Peter, undermine Plateau Island, demolish the walls of Percé, dismember the Pierced Rock and efface Bonaventure. The American Bank is the handwriting on the wall, its fate is the forecast for all the coast.

For the Forillon, however, the end that is to be concerns us less than the end that is, and the end of the Forillon is the end of the world, the Finistère, for this coast at least. The double row of sloping rock ridges which make the Forillon, terminates in a two-lobed point. The southern and higher is Shiphead, well named, for as one stands on the lighthouse and looks down on the drum-mast and the outline of the cliff edge the resemblance to the foredeck and prow of a ship is most striking, and from outside the profile is even more effective. It is six hundred and ninety feet straight down from the grassy edges of the cliff to the water.

Outside it is the severed rock, which, it is claimed by some of the early writers, gave its name to the whole Gaspé Country. I find a note in the *Jesuit Relations* which credits the Abbé Maurault as deriving the word Gaspé from the Abenaki word *Katsepion*, that which is cut off, and having reference to this detached rock mass. If this is the true origin of the name it seems in a grim kind of harmony with the nature of the coast that the very feature which furnished its appellation has in its own turn been devoured by the sea. The northern lobe of the headland is Cape Gaspé, once called the *Old Man* by those who would find a companion for La Vieille. These ends of parallel declivities are separated by a low coulée, a hanging valley whose end lies far above the sea. In this coulée formerly the light and fog-bell stood and the ruins of this older structure have afforded many an interesting fossil.

The road thither from the Grande Grève is a series of ups and downs, but the last grand ascent brings one to a point of view from which no other spot on the coast so profoundly impresses the observer with the destructive agency of the sea, as he notes the ragged sheer limestone walls stretching away toward Cape Bon Ami and Cape Rosier Cove, the barest remnant of what has once been a mighty mountain range, reaching toward Anticosti Island. As one stands on the summit of this weather-beaten promontory let him remember that he is at the very outermost supramarine tip of the great Appalachian Mountain system and on the remnant of one of its innermost folds which here gave birth to the St Lawrence river. Our chart of soundings bears us out in the conclusion that the American Bank is the easternmost submarine trace of this great

FISHING STATIONS AT GRANDE GRÈVE ON THE FORBELLON



mountain system, for beyond that point we can find no clew to its extension; but Shiphead and Cape Gaspé are more positive and visible evidence.

It is well to note from the map the singular curvature of the axis of this mountain fold, which carries into full effect the great S-form of the entire mountain system along the coast of North America. It is well known to geologists that the folding up of the Appalachian system did not take place all at once, at any one time in the history of the continent, but that it was built up gradually. Here in Gaspé some of these mountain ridges date back to the close of Silurian time, but the rock beds of the Forillon were crumpled up into mountains toward the close of Devonian time and further south the later rocks lie almost flat above them; in Pennsylvania and southward, in the newer part of the mountain system, these later rocks too are upturned and folded into the mountains, thus showing that this part of the system is of later date.

At Little Gaspé there is an accession to the mountain structure, and here we get the first glimpse of the great sandstone masses which cover all the area of Gaspé County save near the coast line of the Gulf. Here one may see, near the corner of the beach as the road turns toward the little English church, these sandstones lying on the sloping limestones, and from here on up the Bay to Peninsula and onward the sandstone masses make the first ridge of the series, the two limestone ridges falling into the background. Remnants of these sandstones which once overlay all the limestones of the Forillon are still to be seen at Indian Cove, fallen down into a crevice of the rocks beneath.

II

The Cliffs of Percé — Percé Rock — Changes in Percé Rock — Descriptions by Champlain; Le Tac; Denys; Le Clercq — Captain Smith's Engraving — Férland — Le Boutillier — The Future of the Rock — Fossils of the Rock; their Abundance — The Murailles — Mt Joli and Cape Canon — Relations of the Limestone Cliffs

The ribs of the Forillon are stupendous, remarkable in uniformity of development and amazingly rich in their profusion of the life forms that peopled the ancient seas in which they were laid down, but the limestones of Percé surpass them in bold and startling picturesqueness. If the traveler approaches this wonderful

spot by boat from the south, in the westering sun, guided by the towering red cross-crowned summit of Mt Ste Anne, hugging the shore cliffs of Cape d'Espoir and Cape Blanc, he sees nothing of the spectacle which is in store for him, but as his boat beats round the head of Cape Blanc the stupendous Pierced Rock bursts upon his amazed view, towering in majesty and clothed in garb of many colors, while the torn limestones of the Murailles, stretching away to the north, turn to him their verdure clad slopes. Let him come upon the Percé harbor from the north and as he rounds Point St Peter and steams across the Malbay, the Percé Rock fixes his eye and in ever growing majesty subtends a larger and still larger angle of his sight. At his right are the higher and brilliant cliffs of the Murailles, leading their assault upon the sky in ragged lines. If the sun is his friend and lies to the east behind him, the vision grows to its climax as his boat swings to under the beam of the great Rock.

Various chances have brought my approach to this spot from both directions, in glowing sun and in dripping fog, once with its outlines silhouetted against a moonlit sky and once beating behind it in a heavy sea at the crack of dawn when a tormented surf drove us from the desired haven and sent us scurrying down the coast. But perhaps none of these approaches by water is excelled for effectiveness by that which greets the traveler on the way leading over the high Percé Mountain from the Barachois of Malbay. Here as, through truly alpine scenery, one reaches the height of grade, the isolated rock strikes the eye head on, like a gigantic liner rounding the point of Mt Joli and sailing into the port of the North Beach.

Percé Rock may be prosaically described as an isolated mass of limestone in strata that are almost vertical, dipping a little to the south, about fifteen hundred feet long and two hundred and eighty-eight feet high at its peak or inner point. At its greatest width it is about three hundred feet through, its diameter varying greatly along the projections and recesses of its sides. At the seaward end stands a smaller mass entirely isolated and cut away from the parent rock, and the rear of the great rock itself is perforated by an arched tunnel about sixty feet high. The summit, which is now wholly inaccessible, has a gently undulating surface and shows all the features of a small section of a mountain side. The rock is separated from the shore and the low headland of gray limestone beginning with Mt Joli and continuing to Cape Canon, by about one hundred yards of sandbar which is covered at high tide.

The singular beauty of this amazing scenic feature is partly due to its unusual symmetry but more to its brilliancy of color. Percé Rock is no such gray pile as one may find among the striking sea-ruins of the northern oceans, on the shores of Caithness at Thurso and Scrabster in Scotland, in Hoy and about Stromness in the Orkneys, and even the brighter shades in the rock piles of the Magdalen Islands farther out in the Gulf do not make a comparison adequate. Its walls are bathed in tints of purple-red, bright yellow and gray-blue, the natural shades of the limestone, and these are diversified by great streaks of white calcite which vein the mass. On its top the green carpet of grass spreads downward as the slope permits, while over the jagged anfractuosités near the summit, a deep orange-red lichen has added its color to the scheme. The top of the cliff is the home of countless gulls and cormorants ever moving about like a halo of fog scuds and screaming sempiternally in the same shrill notes that echoed on the sea cliffs of the lost mountain in the ages past.

Seeking for some clew to the rate at which the sea has been devouring Percé Rock, I have looked for other evidence than can be found in the cliff itself.

It is not strange that so marked a feature of the coast should have made a profound impression on the earliest explorers, and here and there are references to it in the writings of some of them who had found the Isle Percée a haven for wood and water, and occasionally a note in the relations of the Recollet and Jesuit fathers. In Champlain's *Des Sauvages* of 1603,* I find this account of it, but there is nothing in it that does not fit the conditions of today. "The Isle of Percée," he says "is a very high rock sheer on both sides; between these is an arch through which shallops and boats can pass at high water. At ebb tide one can walk from the mainland to the island, it being only four or five hundred steps."

The great explorer and founder of Canada was not then seeing the rock as it stands today. This is evident on reading the later accounts. The single arch he describes may be that now represented by the passage seaward between the rock and the obelisk, but it is clear that the single arch of today was not then in existence.

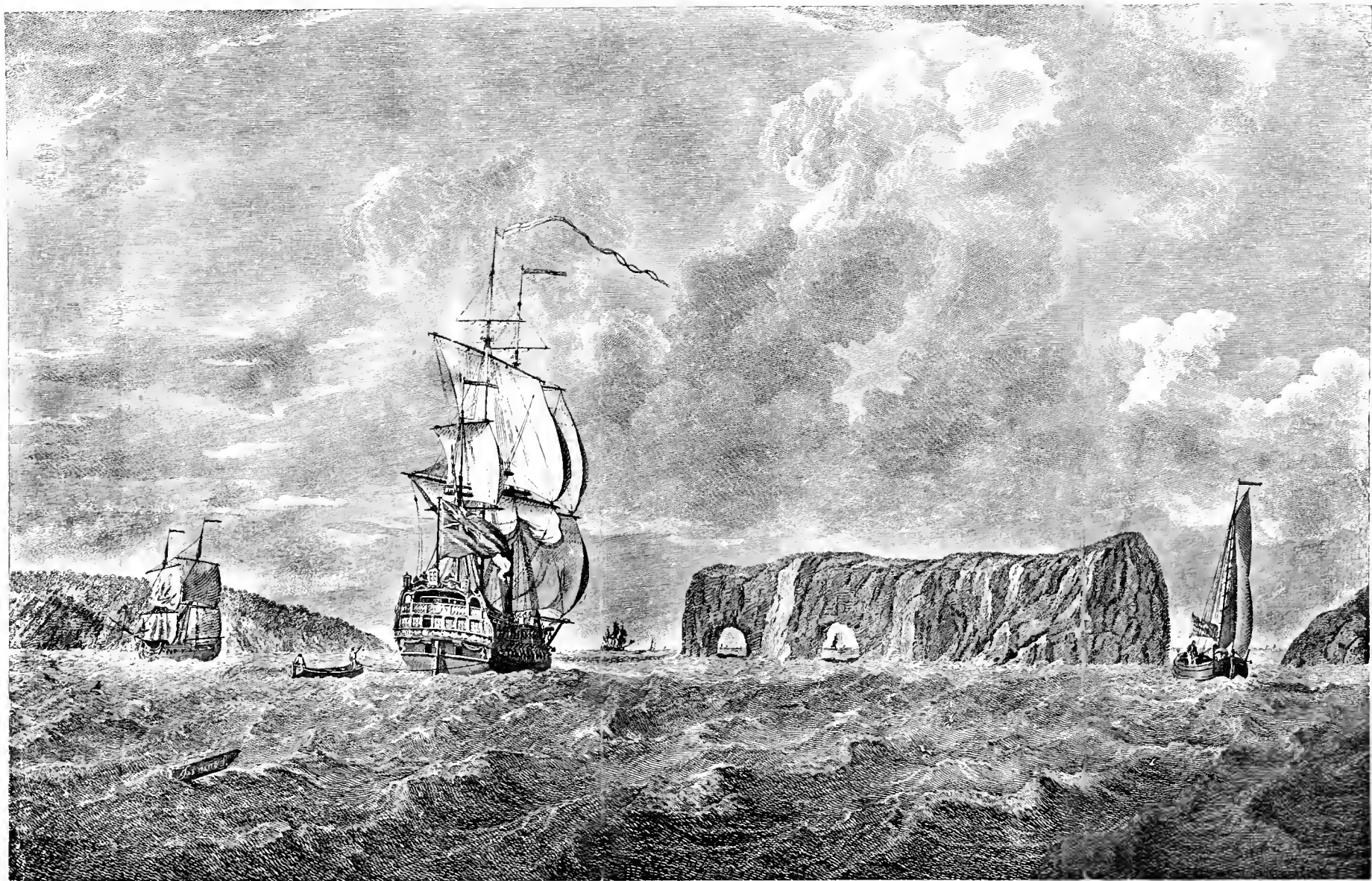
* *Des Sauvages ou Voyage de Samuel Champlain de Brouage fait en la France Nouvelle l'an mil six cent trois.* 1603. Chap. X.

In 1672 Nicholas Denys, seigneur of Percé, "Gouverneur Lieutenant General pour le Roy, et Propriétaire de toutes les Terres et Isles qui sont depuis le Cap de Campseaux, jusques au Cap des Roziers," wrote:* "The Isle is a great rock which may be fifty to sixty fathoms in sheer height straight up from the foot of the two sides and has a width of three or four fathoms; at low water one can go from the mainland by foot all round it; it may have a length of three hundred and fifty or four hundred fathoms; it has been much longer, reaching even to the Island of Bonneaventure; but the sea has devoured it at the foot so that it has fallen, and I have seen it when it had only one passage in the form of an arcade, through which a barge can pass at full sail. It is this which has given it the name of the Isle Percée. There have two others formed since, which are not so large but are growing all the time. It has the appearance that these passages weaken its foundation and will be the cause of its eventual destruction after which the sailors will no longer be able to work here. All of them that come here to fish cast anchor on the lee of this island, at a length of two cables off; one has here three or four fathoms of water, further off is a constantly increasing depth."

Père Sixte LeTac, who had visited the coast probably on his way to and from his mission in Newfoundland in 1689, spoke of the Rock as having but a single arch.

Faucher St Maurice, in his charming and cleverly padded sketches of a short trip along this coast (1877), records having seen in the possession of Admiral Inglefield on board H. M. S. Bellerophon a copy of an engraving made in 1760 which represented the rock with three arches through it. It has been my good fortune to obtain a copy of this old copper plate. Its date was the year after the fall of Quebec, and curiosity was doubtless keen enough in England over so remarkable a feature of her new conquest to justify the execution of this expensive plate. It was "drawn by Captain Her'y Smyth on the spot," and the same pride that led the skippers of the 1700's to have their shins painted on Sunderland and Liverpool jugs, led him to put his frigate in the foreground of the picture. The Rock is here viewed from the north with Mt Joli at the right and Bonaventure at the left. Its arches are two in number, not three; and though the rear arch

*Description géographique et historique de Costes de l'Amerique septentrionale. Avec l'histoire naturelle du Pais.



*A View of the Pierced Island, a remarkable Rock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence,
Two Leagues to the Southward of Gaspe Bay.*

Drawn on the Spot by Cap. Her. Smith. Engraved by P. Canot.
London. Published according to List of Privileges, in 1766. by The Highways the Corner of St. Martin Lane.

*Vue de l'Isle Percée, Rocher remarquable dans le Golfe St. Laurent
à 2 Lieues au Sud de la Baie de Gaspé.*

has now fallen it is noteworthy that the chief projections on the side of the Rock are essentially the same today as they were one hundred and forty-eight years ago. The distant view beyond the Rock shows the busy fishing fleet off the lower beach.

Father LeClercq, who was stationed at Percé for twelve years from 1675 and again for a number of years after, interrupting his mission by a voyage to France, gave this description of the Rock, upon the accuracy of which we may rely, for it had been for all this time the most conspicuous object within his vision: "It," he says, referring to Gaspé Bay, "is only Seven Leagues from the Isle Percée which is not, as some imagine, an island capable of lodging inhabitants; because it is only a rough Rock steep on all sides, of an extraordinary height and a surprising abruptness. It is so pierced by three or four distinct passageways that the barges pass full manned and at full sail through the largest of these openings. It is from this fact that it derives the name of l'Isle Percée, although it is really only a peninsula or a Presqu'isle, of which one can easily make the circuit afoot when the sea is low; and resembles an island only at high water. It is separated from terra firma by only two or three acres [*arpent* = one hundred and eighty feet] of ground. It would seem as if it had formerly been joined thereto and that it had been cut off by the storms and tempests of the ocean."*

The discrepancy in these accounts may arise from some disagreement between the dates of observation and of publication, but they can be reconciled to this conclusion, that the arches during the period of Denys's observation had grown from one to three or four and probably one of these had soon thereafter fallen in. Reliance apparently can not be placed on LeTac's account.

I find no other descriptive account of the Rock throughout the whole of the eighteenth century and up to the time when the Abbé Ferland wrote of his missionary visitation along this coast in 1836. Ferland's stay at Percé was brief, not more than two or three days duration, and much of the material of his entertaining narrative was derived from other than original sources. Of the Rock he says:*

"The Isle Percée appears to have been formerly joined to Mt Joli; it is separated therefrom only by a straight channel which is dry at low water. The length of the plateau is about eight acres

*Nouvelle Relation de la Gaspésie, 1691, pp. 4, 5.

and its width is reckoned at only from sixty to eighty feet. In its entire extent the rock is only a continuous cliff, the average height of which is two hundred and ninety feet. * * * The waves * * * have already cut out two arches remarkable for regularity. * * * The open passages in the rock are about twenty-five feet wide, twenty feet in height and thirty in length. Through the principal arch the barges can pass at all times either under sail or by oars; through the other they can only float when the sea is high. The debris of the rock scattered all along bears witness that the sea is continuing its encroachments. Some day, perhaps, the arches will gradually fall in and the Isle Percée will form three immense columns which will rival in volume the pyramids of Egypt."

Sir William Logan was at Percé in 1843 on his first field work as director of the Canadian Geological Survey. While at the village he put up with a Mr Moriarty and in the fragments of his journal which have been published by the late Professor Harrington* he says that his host formerly cut hay on the top of the Rock, but had abandoned his farming there some six years before, as a foolhardy fellow by the name of Pierre L'Egle took it into his head to dance on a projecting piece of rock which gave way and he was dashed to death on the beach. It seems indeed to have been common practise in the early days when clearings were small to take the hay from the summit of the Rock and to gather the sea birds' eggs. Today the angles of the Rock are so changed that to climb it seems beyond human daring.

On the 17th of June, 1845, the outer arch in the Rock fell. My informant, Mr Phillip Le Boutillier, an engaging and vigorous man of more than eighty years and a companion of Logan in the forties, says that as he was on that day turning the key in the door of the Le Boutillier Co.'s store, he was startled by an ear-splitting and thunderous crash and turning toward the Rock saw that amid clouds of dust and spray and the terrified screams of the birds, the outer and greater arch had fallen. And thus it stands today with but one of the three or four arches on which the eyes of Denys and LeClerc so often looked, remaining, and a new one creeping at right angles to the rest, lengthwise through the base of the seaward obelisk. Here we behold, as under the eye, the ruin which the sea has wrought on this single isolated rock

* Life of Sir William Logan, Montreal, 1883.

in the last two hundred and fifty years. I find on carefully comparing my measurements with the dimensions which can be derived from the Crown Land maps of Percé, the original draft of which is not far from fifty years old, that there is no apparent change of proportions in this interval except in a lessening diameter at certain points.

It is not often that a geologist gets hold of a proposition so concrete and uncomplicated as that which an isolated mass like Percé Rock presents. A simple combination of two causes has contributed to the destruction of this mass, the sea and the frost. The destruction has gone on by leaps and bounds in the falling of arches carrying down thousands of tons of rock at a time, though the times were at distant intervals. But the steady work of the less destructive agents never ceases. From Nicholas Denys's statement in 1672, that on his first trip to Percé there was only one arch in the Rock, as Champlain saw it in 1603, but when he returned some years later he observed two others, and that subsequently in his day one of the latter broke down, it is evident that the progress of destruction then went on at a rapid pace compared with its advance during the last century. But these arches have all been at the thin outer edge of the cliff which easily became honeycombed. This thinner part of the Rock is now nearly gone and the waters have a more serious problem before them. A thing of singular beauty indeed the long rock with its three or four arches, in the days of the 1600's, must have been. Today its proportions are more stable, for the single perforation lies under one of the highest parts. Its rearward obelisk is giving way and is perforated at its base, but the splendid mass itself is not perceptibly thinning to destruction. Let us look a little to its future.

Percé Rock is six hundred feet from Mt Joli along the sandbar over which one still walks at low tide. There is a beach on both sides for a part of the distance at low tide but it is an uncertain thing, disappearing at high water except in retreats on the north shore, and at no time can one make the circuit of the rock by foot. It is two hundred and eighty-eight feet high at the prow, two hundred and fifteen feet high at the arch and one hundred and fifty-four feet high at its outer end; it is fourteen hundred and twenty feet long, fifteen hundred and sixty-five feet from prow to outer end of the obelisk; it is about three hundred feet wide in its widest parts. The part of the Rock exposed above the water weighs about four million tons.

From the broken vertical strata of its cliffs, fragments fall easily and the winter's storms and frosts bring down large masses. Yet its blocks are wedged in tight, and in roving back and forth at the foot of the cliff day after day, I have not observed the actual fall of a single large piece. However, the base of the cliff is covered with large masses and the shores of Mt Joli made up of the fragments washed from the Rock. The most striking pile of fallen blocks now lies on the north side at one of the projecting angles and is composed of ten to twenty pieces weighing from five to ten tons each. They are the accumulations of no one seems to know how many years. I have found no one ready to venture a suggestion as to how much of this rock falls annually. Certainly more comes down in some years than others, and the fall of an arch would break all averages. This latter factor, however, is now practically eliminated. After careful observation I should regard three hundred tons a year a fair average, five hundred tons a year large, one thousand tons most exceptional. With the first approximation it will take sea and weather upward of thirteen thousand years to accomplish the ruin of the cliff; with the second, eight thousand, with the third, four thousand. Unborn generations of Gaspesians will gaze upon the undimmed luster of this magnificent cliff.

I offer the foregoing prophecy as an oblation to the *Genie de l'Isle Percée*. She has had her own troubles and I would not add to them. "Many myths have grown up about this rock," says one writer naïvely, after telling a marvelous tale of the unceasing battles between the feathered dwellers on its summit, cormorants against gulls, whenever one of either kind, big with temerity, ventures over the rigidly drawn and closely guarded boundaries of the other's domain, splitting the heavens with their militant outcry. Here it is that Captain Duval the freebooter of Bonaventure Island, buried his treasure chests for the future to reveal.

The strata of Percé Rock teem with fossils. There are the strange denizens of the ancient sea in which these strata were laid down as sediments, brachiopods of many species, bivalves, limpets and whelks and trilobites. The most striking of them all are the trilobites, ancient precursors of the lobsters of the coves. Here are to be found the remains of one of the largest of these creatures known, the *Dalmanites Perceensis*, which was sometimes two feet long, and another, *D. Biardi*, with a trident on his nose. One could



THE MURAILLES FROM MT JOLI

not work over a ton of this rock without finding at least a score of these crustaceans. Let us suppose there is one in each of the four million tons. There is also a singularly graceful brachiopod known as *Chonetes Canadensis*. It would be hard to dissect an average ton of the Rock without turning out these by hundreds. Let us say one hundred; then Percé Rock contains at least four million trilobites and four hundred million specimens of *Chonetes Canadensis*. Other species in their order, there are many of them, and these are but samples. But my figures are absurdly small. Let them serve to convey some notion of the enormous profusion of life represented in this little section of the ancient ocean bed and give an added feature of interest to this attractive spot.

If one needed proof that the sea has always been the *alma nutrix* of life, here it is, not to be surpassed in the daily scenes which have been enacted along the Gaspé coast for more than two hundred and fifty years in the codfishing. Millions of cod are yearly taken from these waters, but like the widow's cruse of oil, they fail not. If all these millions of all these years were added together they would not equal in number the remains of the animals now lying embedded in the Percé Rock.

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It is the extraordinary destruction of the limestone cliffs that gives to Percé much of its picturesqueness. Aside from the Pierced Rock we have evidence of this in the serrated cliffs of the Murailles, which rise from the water to six hundred feet in concave fronts, the almost vanished remnant of a majestic mountain which partly spanned the Malbay. The Murailles begin with low Cape Barré at the end of the North Beach and the rocks rise higher and higher to the climax in double pointed Red Peak, beyond which lies the lofty fault-scarp of the Grande Coupe. They, too, like the Percé Rock, are brilliantly tinted and both are geologically the same, though in the sea-wracked topography they seem to have belonged to different mountains.

To the series of limestone cliffs here, belong the gray Mt Joli and Cape Canon, whose escarpments divide the North and South beaches. They too stand with strata erect, parallel with those of Percé Rock from which the sunken outer reefs of Mt Joli are not more than fifty feet away in the line of their courses. These are but low and sombre headlands, handmaidens of Percé Rock which shines more brilliantly by their presence.

It adds greatly to the appreciation of this scenery to notice the singularly interesting geological relations of the rock strata in these cliffs. As we judge the situation, Percé Rock and all the strata of Mt Joli are a continuous series of deposits, of which the Rock is the top-most and youngest member. All have been overturned so far that the oldest strata (Mts Joli and Canon) actually lie sloping against the younger. They are not, like the Forillon, the southern slope of a great fold, but rather the steeper northern declivity of such a fold of which little is left but these specters of a giant past. In this succession of rocks from Cape Canon to the Percé, the geologist finds something missing. The open interval between the Percé and Mt Joli is not enough to make restitution of the loss, but the missing link in the chain is Cape Barré at the northern end of the upper beach. The great strains and stresses in the earth's crust, that accomplished the overturn of two thousand feet of limestone strata, broke through the rock masses where now is the interval between Percé Rock and the mainland, and as these great masses slipped one against the other like mighty millstones they squeezed out a part of the series which is now represented in the rocks of Barré. There was never a connection between the Rock and the cliffs of Bonaventure Island, save as the latter may have overlain the former, but the cliffs of the Rock are of one piece with the red limestones of the Murailles from which they have been cut off by another profound shattering and displacement of the masses. Again we find the limestone cliffs standing in erect strata at Cape Blanc or Whitehead, two miles south of Percé village and here rising to a great height in a sheer wall, accessible only from the water. The view which one gets in passing this headland by water from the north is singularly interesting, showing first the nearly vertical red limestones followed at the south by the white strata which give to the place its name. On both sides the limestones are overlain by the horizontal conglomerates of later age and the former look as if they had been thrust up through the latter. These limestones make no other conspicuous features in the scenery but they run inland through the west foot of Percé Mountain as far as Irish-town and to Corner of the Beach and in Hayes's brook where the Percé road crosses in climbing up Whitehead, one can look over the bridge and see the same limestones thrown out of their vertical position and lying almost flat. These limestones are all a part of the great system at Percé, fitting into the series somewhere near the hiatus between the Rock and Mt Joli.



PERCÉ — VIEW FROM THE MURAILLES SHOWING BONAVENTURE ISLAND, THE PIERCED ROCK AND MT JOLI

III

*The Sandstones — Gaspé Basin — Scenery of Gaspé Basin — The
"Admiral" — Gaspé Bay — Rocks in Art*

We have spoken thus far particularly only of the scenery which belongs to the limestone mountains and their ragged coast lines. There is a very close dependence between the appearance of a mountain in the landscape and the texture of the rock that composes it, so that after all we are thrown back to a consideration of these mountains according to their kind.

On top of the limestone strata lies an enormous series of sandstones, folded and broken; no one knows their thickness. This tremendous mantle of rocks spreads inland from Little Gaspé on the Forillon, from Point St Peter and Malbay, covers all the country about Gaspé Basin and constitutes the rough ranges of the interior. Sir William Logan estimated these rocks to be about seven thousand feet thick, but though this may be an overstatement because of some possible repetition of the strata by displacement yet there is thickness enough to make very majestic elevations if the whole or greater part were exposed at any one point. The interior of Gaspé County is a heavily wooded, tenantless domain, still a place of trails and portages, as little reduced to the pursuits and demands of civilization as the interior of Patagonia. But mountains of the same type as those further inland, though of gentler expression, are those which circle the Gaspé Basin. Here, withdrawn from the fierce play of the Gulf storms, the softer and rounder outlines prevail. The Northwest and Southwest Arms of the Bay, continuing into the Dartmouth and York rivers, run back along ancient depressions or troughs in the folded rocks. Gaspé village is at the axilla of these arms. If the traveler will let his rambles lead him around the crest of Cape O'Hara and down the raised sea beach below St Albert's Church he may observe the sandstone foundations of Gaspé Mountain sloping at a steep angle toward the north and he may follow them for a long distance up the Dartmouth river, to the volcanic dike at L'Anse au Cousins and beyond, always at this inclination. Across the Northwest Arm above Peninsula he will find them sloping south, the two slopes meeting in a trough at the bottom of the Bay. Let him follow the shore southward from the inner docks among the Robin fishing stores and on toward Gaspé South, or along the road on the other side of the York, and he may note that the rocks soon dip in just

the reverse direction to that at the Dartmouth, pitching downward to the south. The crest of the great fold of the strata passes through Gaspé Mountain not far away from Baker's hotel. As the hills rise behind this delightful little village "where, says Ferland, "live the aristocrats of Gaspé," the bending of the strata brings the limestones, which lie buried beneath the sandstones, to the surface at the highest summits. One may follow the old portage trail from the clearing back of Baker's up through the woods over the first mountain but only the sandstones will appear. If he will take a more strenuous walk and climb the second mountain, separated from the first by the portage road running from L'Anse au Cousins to Gaspé South, there at the tops he will find the limestones broken through the strata which lie over them. It may be well to reflect on what this phenomenon signifies. If, say five thousand feet of sandstones with two thousand feet of limestones beneath them have been folded up into mountains, then the limestones can be exposed from under their mantle only in one or both of two ways. Either the rock masses have been cracked and broken and by slipping apart have exposed the lower beds, or the entire overlying mass on the crest of the fold has been worn away. I think it likely that the two causes have conspired in giving the hills their present form, but it is evident that there has been a removal of tremendous volumes of rock, partly by the slow process of natural decay and partly by the agency of ice and water. The hills of Gaspé Basin and the higher summits of the interior would together constitute a great plateau were it not for the distant folds which traverse it like that which crosses Gaspé Basin.

The scenery of the Basin is a restful contrast to that outside. Had the wasting forces which have worn off the summits of the hills gone farther down about the limestones they would have left more ragged crests behind them, but the softer sandstones have made only gentle curves. There is but little room on the shores of the beautiful Basin between the water and mountain, but from L'Anse au Cousins around to Gaspé South the slopes have been brought under cultivation and the spruce and fir driven upward. There are not many sights so inviting as the outlook from the height of these clearings down the Bay, around through the narrow passage where the great bars of Sandy Beach and the Peninsula nearly strangle the waterway, down along the hills of the Forillon to Cape Gaspé; and in the other direction the eye follows the shore line from Cape Ramsay along the course of the Basin, which is bounded by a



GASPÉ BASIN

rising summit of like hills. The Basin is a harbor of such dimensions and absolute security that it is full of craft of many kinds, the schooners of the fishing establishments, the luggers of coastwise trade, the cruisers of the cable inspection and fisheries service, the packet-boats to Anticosti and the Labrador, now and then a pleasure yacht; when the sea is heavy outside, the fishing barges come scurrying in by scores; there is the tug, which does the ferry to Peninsula, the flats and scows of the ferry to York, every week the Quebec steamers, and twice a week the classical old sidewheeler that plies back and forth into Chaleur Bay.*

From Gaspé eastward through Haldimand and Douglastown the same sandstones extend, making low rocky shores, but changing in color from gray shades into red, and forming the red banks of the south shores of the Bay to Point St Peter. Here they face the Gulf and, though still low, the waters have played havoc with them. These rocks are sometimes very coarse and the play of the waves readily works them out into caverns and grottoes. At Point St Peter the waters have cut off little Plateau Island and honey-combed it with holes like the subterranean workings of a giant mole.

The sublimity and grandeur of a rock formation can be displayed only in cliff or crag or mountain peak, but its beauty is often veiled until it plays its part in the realization of some grand creation of the artist or some poem of the architect. The great buildings of the world are the exaltation and the dignification of its rocks. Art alone has known how to elicit from them the qualities which in combination contribute to the highest intellectual enjoyment. The finest specimen in the world of the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland, the formation that Hugh Miller loved to describe, is Skibo Castle, and the most striking example of the Gaspé sandstones, which are of the same geological formation, is the new church of St Michel at Percé, whose walls have just reached com-

* This refers to the venerable and historic "Admiral," familiar to many a traveler to Gaspé. She is said to have been a once honored member of the American navy, specially detailed to the service of the President of the United States during the administration of General Grant. For years she plied this Gaspé route, and when her sorely strained timbers seemed too far gone for the buffeting of the Gulf storms, she would be transferred to some other service, but always to reappear in Gaspé. She was burned at her dock soon after the words above were written, and her service has been taken over first by the "Lady Eileen, which went aground on a reef in Newport harbor and lately by the "Lady Sybil" which still makes the route.

pletion. The soft red brown of the body stone, relieved by the spots made by the shale pebbles in them, lends a dignity to the fine lines of the majestic and beautiful building; while a too sombre effect is relieved by sills and lintels of a green freestone. The finished edifice is a glorification of Nature's crude product.

IV

The Mountains of the St Lawrence — Cape Rosier to Grande Vallée — The Shickshocks

The sorely twisted and crumpled rocks which one passes on the south shore of the St Lawrence beyond Cape Rosier in the cliffs toward Ste Anne des Monts belong to another series of formations and produce another style of contours in the landscape. Cruising along the shore one is impressed by the long and even-topped curves of the summits whose fronts have been laid bare by the devouring waters. These are old and planed contour lines such as express mountains long exposed, and the rocks themselves show that they were turned up into folds and troughs before the limestones of the Forillon, which lie upon them but at an angle to their own crumpled strata. The streams which have crept their way through them show their youth in their sharp slopes, and at their union with the St Lawrence one may often see the elevated wave-cut cliffs which show how greatly the coast has been elevated in these later times. Back behind the shore cliffs in the upper reaches of the Ste Anne and Madeleine rivers rise the majestic peaks of the Shickshocks, the mountains that Champlain called the Notre Dame. Here in a still trackless wilderness, where few save the lumberman, the salmon fisher and the hunter ever penetrate, lies the innermost axis of this Appalachian region, for these mountains are the granite backbone of the entire peninsula.

THE GREAT ROCK FOLDS AND TROUGHS

Fold 1, The Forillon—Fold 2, Gaspé Mountain—Fold 3, Tar Point—Fold 4, Point St Peter—Fold 5, Percé—The Bays and Rivers—Barachois, Bar and Tickle

We have made constant reference to these ancient Appalachians, but we wish to speak of the system in its parts, for upon it rests all the superstructure of Gaspé scenery. All the ages of time which have lapsed since the crumpling of the crust upturned these giant folds have not served to obliterate their traces or to still hold every important feature of the landscape in conformity with them. The granite core or axis of the entire system is to be seen only in the Shickshocks, and about this axis rest the earlier rock formations skirting the shore of the St Lawrence. So intricately have these latter and older rocks been crumpled that the outline of their folds is no longer apparent on the surface. They were caught in the earliest upturning of the crust, long before the grander curves of the more southern country were made. Of later date than these are the five great rock folds, like as many mighty waves, which run inland from the coast bearing off in a broad curve nearly parallel to the St Lawrence. All have resulted from the thrust of the soft shale, limestone and sandstone beds against the great Laurentian shield of hard granites lying north of the St Lawrence, and it was this thrust and downbreaking of these soft rocks against the Laurentian shield that outlined the course of this most ancient of rivers. As made out by Sir William Logan, the crests of these great rock waves have the following courses.

The first and northernmost is that which makes the Forillon. No one knows where its northern slope came down, but the arch spanned over into the broad mouth of the St Lawrence, and only its southern flank remains. This fold runs inland, capped by sandstones on its southern slope, to the far upper reaches of the Dartmouth river. From Shiphead to the head of the Northwest Arm and beyond one sees the rocks constantly dipping to the south under the Bay.

The second of these folds is of much less amplitude and its axis runs through Gaspé Basin, for as we have noticed above, the rocks at the Basin slope to the north on the shore of the Northwest Arm and to the south at the upper end of Southwest Arm and the flexure

runs under the waters of the Bay at Cape Haldimand. In the old trough between waves one and two lies Gaspé Bay and along its course the Dartmouth river runs for many miles.

Fold No. 3 starts at Tar Point opposite Grande Grève and keeps its parallel course with the others far to the mountains of the interior. Between the Cape Haldimand and Tar Point anticlines lies the barachois at Douglastown and the Southwest Arm, remnants of the sea that once entered this old trough.

Fold No. 4 makes its appearance on the coast at Whalehead or Point St Peter running back into the distant hills with limestone tops, and between this and the Tar Point anticlines lie long parts of the courses of the York river, running into the Southwest Arm, and the St John which empties into the barachois at Douglastown. Like other rivers in all parts of the Appalachian mountain system, the Dartmouth, York and St John have had the fashion of cutting their way across the folds in their newer and more active upper reaches.

Fold No. 5, the southernmost yet located, shows itself in the upturned limestones of Percé and curves inward along the southernmost stretch of limestone rocks. Between its sea end and that of St Peter lies Malbay and its barachois, marking the effort of the sea to enter this ancient trough. On the backs of all these major folds ride lesser ones like ripples on a great wave, and at Percé, as we have noticed, the fold has been completely broken down and its parts displaced as shown in the Murailles and the cliffs of Whitehead.

It may hardly do to say that the present bays and rivers of Gaspé are the residua of the ancient encroachments of the sea into the rock troughs, but they demonstrate this old topography most effectively. The entrance of the bays into these troughs has been aided by the depression of all the coastal region, and I think it quite probable that Gaspé Bay, that at Douglastown and the Malbay are of comparatively recent date. More recent still is the elevation of the land at the head of Gaspé Bay indicated by the raised beaches of sand and gravel. This evidence is supplemented by the shoaling of the Northwest and Southwest Arms. Our hydrographic map shows how these broad arms are shallowing, their upper reaches being only tidal flats through which the currents of the river steer an uncertain course. The increase in the bars across the upper end of Gaspé Bay, the long sand spit of Sandy Beach on the south, the broad triangle of Peninsula vis-a-vis and the

growing difficulties for vessels in keeping a clear passage through the narrow channel between the two, is evidence of like import. Likewise extensive shoals fill the lower course of the St John river. I am inclined to believe that when the general depression of the land surface gave to the Arms of the Bay their farthest extent inland, the discharge of the York river was not into the Basin, but southward to the Douglastown barachois, behind the sandstone ridge of Haldimand town. When the topography of the county shall have been more exactly charted, and we know the elevation and courses of the mountains and divides of the interior, it will doubtless become apparent that its drainage ways have undergone notable rearrangement.

Barachois, Bar and Tickle. With a singular uniformity the bays of Gaspé, large and small, are equipped with bars which nearly sever them from the sea. A sandbar, as everyone knows, is an equilibrium line or line of rest between opposing bodies of water and as between inland and ocean waters are where the sediment-loaded streams are opposed by the sea and drop their load while current and tide conspire to keep a narrow passage open. This style of bar-building could not be better expressed than at Douglastown, where the bar, lying just within the coast-line, is parted in the middle by the "tickle," or inlet into the "barachois," the shallow water of the bay. The traveler by land from the Basin to Douglastown drives down one arm of the bar, is ferried over the tickle and continues his journey along the other arm, a ticklish trip indeed if the weather be heavy outside. I believe this word "tickle" owes its origin to the subjective sensations of the traveler who finds the passage across often rough and dangerous. On the Newfoundland and the Cape Breton coast it seems to be used in a broader sense and may be applied to broken reefs with dangerous passages, but here in Gaspé it is even gradually departing from its strict reference to a passage through the bar, for at the Malbay we find the stream entering the barachois, called the *Tickle inlet*. Barachois, thinks the Abbé Ferland, is the *barre-cheois*, that part protected from the tumble of the waves. Perhaps it is the *barre-echuë*, the waters protected by a bar. The word is distinctly Canadian, it will not be found in a Parisian dictionary, but it is often pronounced even by the Canadians in defiance of the spelling as though it were derived in the latter way, *barashway*.

At Malbay the barachois is tucked away at the head of the broad embayment of the coast and the tickle which cuts its long and

narrow bar is close to the north shore. All along the southern sweep of the Gaspé coast these barachois are found; and Gaspé Bay itself, like the rest, has its bar, tickle and barachois; the tickle being the narrow and parlous ship passage between the long bar of Sandy Beach and the broad Peninsula, each of these bars being the equilibrium line of the stream currents above, the Peninsula of the Dartmouth and Sandy Beach of the York. Within this bar is the barachois of Gaspé Bay. Students of physiography seeking appropriate designations for the expression of topographic forms arising from uniform causes may well take notice of these terms, tickle and barachois.

These little coastal lagoons have very interesting problems of their own. The fish and other aquatic creatures in the barachois differ from those outside the bar. Inside, the washing of the rivers is bringing down fragments of plant and other terrestrial life and depositing them amongst the brackish water creatures whose natural home is in the lagoon, while in times of stress outside, the heavy seas wash over the bar and mingle the true marine life with that within. At the ebb of the tide and in the sunlight the acids of organic decomposition stain the muds with iron oxide tints of red and yellow. Let us suppose all the deposits of the barachois dried out and turned to rock. Conceive that they come under the hammer of the geologist of some future day. He finds that most of their layers contain a mixture of land plants and brackish animal remains, while every now and then is a layer of rock which contains only the shells and skeletons of true sea life. This is very much what we find today in the immense series of sandstones that make up the hills of Gaspé village and the great interior. There are layers which contain only the remains of terrestrial plants which grew along the ancient coast and its streams. Then heavy deposits of sand and gravel with little trace of any life, laid down along a shallow tide-swept shore, and every now and then, as in the rocks of Gaspé Mountain, a layer redounding in the remains of sea animals, swept in from the deeper water. So we are justified in concluding that much of these sandstones were deposited in some great embayment of old Gaspé, stretching far inland and into which the deeper sea overrushed in time of storm carrying its peculiar life forms with it. Thus what is going on today on the coast, wherever a considerable stream enters the Gulf or its bays, was going on in ancient Gaspé on a majestic scale in that gray day when the foundations of the country were being laid.

PERCÉ MOUNTAIN

Table-à-rolante — Mt Ste Anne — Its red conglomerates — Their extent to Bonaventure Island — Destruction by the sea — The vision on Mt Ste Anne — The coast at Percé rising

We have spoken of the folded mountains. The most far-reaching sky-line on the whole Gaspé coast, one which first catches the traveler's eye in passing through the outer reaches of Chaleur Bay, or in crossing over the Northumberland Strait from Prince Edward Island, or in rounding the Cape of the Forillon from the north, is that of Percé Mountain. From either side its cluster of curves is seen to run only a little back from the coast, and on closer approach, as one swings to in the Percé harbor, its eastward summit is seen to have on its shoreward face a flat top and a sheer front, an elevated table sloping slightly to the north. This easternmost member of the Percé Mountain is Mt Ste Anne. It was the Table-à-rolante of the earlier writers, Champlain and Denys, and even of Ferland; Denys says "elle est platte et de forme carrée, ce qui luy a donné ce nom," but some indifferent person afterward wrote the name Table-a-Rolland, and so it has been often printed. The traveler in search of the picturesque will cross the mountain cluster by the "long road" to Corner of the Beach. When he has rounded the seaward plateau and skirted its more precipitous rear face, rising in the concave sheer cliff of the "amphitheater," he may well wonder whence has gone the rest of this great rock mantle whose edges here show that it must have once swept far hence to the south. It is the "short cut" or new road over these summits, however, which brings out their finest effects. Regardless of grades and hugging the Malbay, this course brings into view the impressive majesty of peaks and gorge on one side and the high plateau on the other. It is long since the mountain was turned over to the guardianship of Sainte Anne, and as far back as 1675 Father Enjalran landing at Percé, found its summit plateau crowned with a cross. ✓ Percé Mountain is the highest point on all the coast. It rises to one thousand two hundred and thirty feet at its highest, but Ste Anne reaches only one thousand one hundred. Filling all the foreground of Percé from the Malbay to Cape Blanc and running inland a distance of two leagues, it adds the climax to the picturesqueness of Percé village. Over its northward and gentler

slopes pious ardor has cut out through the spruce and fir a broad and grassy way to the shrine on its top; on its eastern side, facing the village, the rock falls straight down for half its height, showing the gently sloping brilliant red strata.

These rock strata lie almost flat over the southernmost of the great rock folds and troughs we have been discussing. It will readily be seen that to account for these deposits spread over the old hills and valleys, the whole foundation had to be carried down beneath the water, so in that submergence the sea overran the land vastly more than it does today and has been driven out by the great elevation of the whole coast. ✓ These rocks are chiefly red conglomerates made up of pebbles of jasper and agate, but there are among them many pieces of limestone containing the fossils so characteristic of Percé Rock and washed out of the old limestone cliffs. They do not extend far back from the coast, no farther than the general mass of Percé Mountain and the region about Malbay, but the roots of Percé Mountain run down the very shore of Percé village. One can here see the lowest layers of these red rocks where the conglomerates overlap the limestones of Red Peak, in the upper part of the coulée leading down to the north beach; on the north beach itself and in the interval between the south flank of Mt Joli and Cape Canon the soil cap is tinged with red, indicating the not far distant presence of these beds. Below the Robin beach, and thence southward to Cape Blanc, these red strata extend all the way till one reaches the red and white vertical limestones of that headland of which we have just spoken. Then they take up their horizontal course beyond Cape Blanc southward through L'Anse au Beaufils, L'Anse du Cap and to Cape d'Espoir. This is about their southern limit for Gaspé County, their northern this side of Point St Peter, their western at the inner foot of Percé Mountain, but their eastern, no man yet knoweth. The reefs off Robin beach are of these rocks and so is the entire island of Bonaventure. It is not far from three miles from the Robin beach to Bonaventure Island over a depth of water which nowhere reaches one hundred feet. The sheet of conglomerates was once continuous across the interval and beyond for an unknown distance. We believe that this great mass of coarse deposits was laid down on an open and wave-beaten coast, and they carry in themselves the record of that ancient sea whose waves were even then eternally pounding against the coast cliffs. All the limestone cliffs of the Forillon and the sandstone hills of Gaspé Bay and the interior were above water then as today,

though grander and more majestic in their proportions. There are a thousand feet in thickness of these conglomerates to be accounted for in the channel between the shore and Bonaventure and outside of Bonaventure itself. To some extent no doubt they have been carried down by the depression of the land, but the sheer eastern face of Ste Anne and the rounding slopes of its rocks as they extend shoreward are indications that the sea has gnawed at these heights, too, and the wall of Ste Anne is an elevated sea cliff pushed back from its old place at the water's edge by the rising of the floor of the Gulf.

The Vision on Mt Ste Anne

Ongwe, Chief of the Gaspesian Souriquois, had returned with his people from the winter encampment about the far headwaters of the St John. Half buried beneath the snow, their skin-covered cabins had comfortably resisted the season's downfall, and the hunt had brought forth abundance of food and clothing for all the small flock. An early breakdown of the snows was probable, a few bright days had softened them, loosed the ice-setting of the streams, and thus with their peltries the chief had led them back over the trail to the shore much earlier than it was his wont to abandon winter quarters. It lacked but little of the Equinox, to these worshippers of the Sun the most solemn feast of the year. It was seldom that this day of ceremonial found Ongwe and his people so near the coast and at the foot of the Percé Mountain. The trail had been long and heavy, for the raquettes sank deep into the softening, sloppy snow. But there was no spoken expression of weariness, a serene contentment lay in the vivacious eyes which looked out from under the stolid brow of the Sagamo.

It was the feast of the Sun, and long before that orb had flushed the eastern sky with the faintest suggestion of his approach, while the stars still shone with the white fire of burning steel and the shimmering sheets of the aurora lit up the celestial vault, the chieftain aroused his people from their shortened slumber. Sire, seer and lad, maid, matron and babe on back, led by Ongwe, leaving their encampment under the shelter of the sea-wall, trailed slowly through the unbroken snow of the spruce woods up the long northern slope of the great mountain. The difficult passage was made in silence save for the crackling of the twigs and the sharp creak of the frost. Half way up the gentler slope was passed and the steep plateau lowered over them. Turning eastward

the chieftain saw the sun-star, herald of the coming god, blazing his course above the horizon and a low word of urgent command renewed their upward progress. The last hard slopes were finally passed and the gentle floor of the summit was reached as the reddening east betokened the coming of the equinoctial sun.

Standing at the crest and on the edge of the sharp cliff, his people behind him, the Sagamo stood attent. The increasing glow in the east outlined the distant Bonaventure Island and silhouetted the Percé Rock. Over the glistening water, beyond the frozen channel, the soft refulgence deepened into a golden orange. The fires burned, the red cliffs of the mountain caught the warmer rays and the shadowy outline of the sea cliffs at the south became fixed. An arc of gold breached the horizon. As it reached the eye of the chieftain, he threw from him his cloak of castor, his deerskin shirt and clout, loosed from his feet the mooseskin moccasins. Naked as he was born, and rigid as if dead, he stood in the presence of the Lord of Day. While the sun traversed the skyline, and till its lowest arc rebounded from the lingering clasp of the sea, he stood as if carved from the mountain. When it had cleared itself and the day had begun, the chieftain lifted up his arms extended wide apart in adoration, and cried aloud, Ho! Ho! Ho!* After him the little multitude behind thus saluted the god of light and warmth and life, herald of a new summer. With uplifted arms, he poured forth his supplication to the divine arc for his people and himself, bowing himself low as he prayed for the safe-keeping of their wives and children, for triumph over their enemies, for success in the hunt and fishing, for the preservation of their life and a long posterity. The eyes of the chieftain now yielding before the darts of the Sun god, he drew his discarded garments about him and then gazed in silence over the wondrous scene spread out before him. The day had risen clear as ice, and the first of the sun's rays drove before them a gauze of fog which lifting, tinged with carmine the thin blue line of the distant Forillon, its wavy summits, its bluff headland and towering obelisk. In the nearer distance, across the northern bay, Point St Peter and its island took on the dark strength of the full day while the shimmering light of waters danced gleefully against the ice floes. Straight down between his feet lay the triangle of Percé headed by Mont Joli, flanked at the left by Cape Barré and at the right by Cape Canon; the battue piled high

* Father LeClercq, who found a few of the sun worshippers left among the Gaspesian Indians, says that this was the simple salutation to the rising sun.

with broken ice and at its end the crested cliff of the Pierced Rock. Bonaventure guarded the open waters, robed in her snow and verdure. His gaze swept to the south, over the head of Cape Blanc, along the distant coves of Beaufils to Cape d'Espoir, and on beyond in the dimmest distance the eye could catch the faintly penciled outline of Miscou and Shippegan, forty miles away. The wondrous beauty and primitive grandeur of the scene bathed in the effulgence of the new sun awoke a response in kind from the breast of this child of the soil. He turned his face inland toward the flat-topped mountains which sweep to their higher summits in the wilderness behind and roll up one beyond another until their curves are merged into the sky, but started with a throb and half suppressed bound as his eyes confronted, on a projecting plateau till now concealed in the half light by a thin spruce thicket,—a cross, towering high above the undergrowth. Ah, yes! the cross; it was the good missionary's symbol of life, as the sun was his. Had not he and his people helped to bear it up the mountain and to plant it there? It was their white brother's wish and ought he not—he threw a quick glance upon his followers. Their eyes, too, were fixed upon the cross, some with indifference, but here and there an arm dropping from forehead to breast had silently and almost surreptitiously repeated the symbol—the sign manual of the new religion. Turning from it, Ongwe let his gaze again linger over the brilliant tapestry of sea and shore and covering his eyes with his hand raised his face once more to the dazzling sun, seeming to bathe himself in its warmth and glory, then took his way down the trail with no more concern for the white man's cross.*

* * *

The land of Percé is changing its level. I am under obligations to many of the older residents for information which leads to the in-

*A cross was erected on the Table-à-rolante or Ste Anne at a very early date. I have noted the observation by Father Enjalran, who stopped at Percé on his way to Tadousac in 1675, that the cross stood then and it is possible that it was put there by LeClercq who arrived that year or even by one of his predecessors. Father Jumeau in his letter describing the destruction of Percé by Phips's sailors speaks of the cross on Ste Anne as one which he had set up.

Father LeClercq after six years of labor among the Gaspesian Indians felt so depressed over the outcome of his labors for their conversion that he besought his superior for permission to leave the field. With the utmost reluctance the natives gave up the little that they seem to have had of their natural religion.

ference that it is rising at the north and falling at the south. Fifty or sixty years ago the water had come so high upon the beaches that it became necessary to abandon the drying stages nearest the shoreline and the pickets of these old stages have been found again in digging away for new in these later years, until now the shoremen say they could rebuild without danger on the site of the old stages. Traschy's reef off Cape Barré, the reefs of Mt Joli and the Quay or reefs of the Robin beach are all, in the judgment of the venerable residents, Mr Galarneau, Mr William Flynn and others, further above the water than a half century ago. The battue from Mt Joli to the Rock was formerly easily passed at high water, even by barges, but now only on the rarest occasions. Logan's journal speaks of being able to reach the Rock by the bar from Mt Joli only at the ebb of some spring tide. The coast thus was on its way down in the more than a half century back, then stopped and since has come the other way. The period of this oscillation has been of too brief duration to permit the formation of beaches during the depression, so that there are no raised terraces which indicate the present elevation. On the other hand, the beaches toward Cape Blanc have been cut to pieces within about the same period and the waves are rapidly shearing back the rock walls, so here at least the coast is falling.

THE ROCKS AND THE PEOPLE

Geology and Settlement — The Mines, their history — Petroleum; its promises and disappointments — The Submarine Mountains and the Fishing.

One seeks in the geology of a country a key to its settlements. Original entry into a new country may be largely by accident, and is often a complete misfit between the capacity of the settler and the possibilities of the region, but in time the growth and business of the population come into direct dependence upon its geology. They assume an equilibrium and in the expression or maintenance of this balance lies the success of the individual. Geology is a hard master. If the settler does not adjust himself to it, or if by reason of an inadequate training he can not, geology will starve him out. If, instead of the tulip-loving, vegetable-raising, peltry-buying Dutchmen who settled Manhattan and spread over the fertile bottoms and hillsides of the Hudson and the Mohawk, a colony of German miners had entered New York by the same avenue, these must either have changed their occupation and become farmers or have left for other parts.

The controlling impulse in all the early voyages to the New World was two-fold, to find a western passage to India and the discovery of gold. Gold was among the earliest quests upon the Gaspé coast, and though it was never found, yet the next best thing, silver, was, mixed with lead. Amongst the earliest records of Gaspé is the discovery of silver-bearing lead at Little Gaspé on the Forillon, and an organized effort was made from France to exploit it. Even the Jesuit missionaries seem to have got into it and I fear were "trimmed," for the "Relations" record with some pathos the fact that in 1663 Father Balloquet returned from Gaspé not having found his mine "good." How history repeats itself! I suppose, perhaps, without final evidence, that this refers to the Little Gaspé vein, which is the largest of all that are known on the Forillon, and the ancient tailings of which are seen today covered by the refuse of later ventures, all of which have had the same outcome. The venerable Mr Price, of Little Gaspé, has told me that till lately he had had in his possession the primitive tools used by the French in their mining operations here two hundred years ago. But these lead-bearing veins, cutting straight across the moun-

tains along lines of slight displacement of the rock masses, are of frequent occurrence along the little peninsula, and there are ✓“mines” at Grande Grève and St George’s Cove. It is evidently of the Little Gaspé mine that Denys speaks with so much emphasis and detail: “One league further up the river [Gaspé Bay] is a cove where one can land. On the high ground is the place where it has been hoped to find a lead mine, and Messieurs de la Compagnie have paid the cost on the representations of persons who had brought some fragments that were veritably good, but they are only from some little veins that run over the rock and which the force of the sun has purified, for the whole mine is only antimony and that not very abundant. I have known of it for more than twenty years.* If it had been good I should not have let it be idle. I have found plenty of persons who were ready to undertake on shares what I have seen, but I was never willing, knowing well that I should deceive them and that is something I am incapable of doing unless I were myself deceived without knowing it.” Most noble seigneur! Les Messieurs de la Compagnie were doubtless let in for a cosy sum about two hundred and fifty years ago, and in these later years are again these “mines” being “promoted.” Between these dates no one knows how many times these old veins have been rediscovered.

Had nature been less wise Gaspé might have been a great oil field, with today its distant reaches dotted with derricks and a row of palaces of captains of industry extending back from Gaspé Basin to the Mississippi.† If the hopes of fifty years were realized and oleaginous money had been pumped out of the earth, Gaspé would ere this have lost its bloom. The story of the hunt for petroleum in this region is, I believe, that of the most tenacious and costly pursuit of an ignis fatuus known in the history of oil development. Indeed for a half century the golden goal has seemed ever at hand, and today never so far away. ✓Oil was found by the early geologists and known before their coming, oozing from the sandstones on the south shore of Gaspé Bay, particularly near Tar Point and Point St Peter, where one of the anticlines emerges at the water’s edge.

In 1863 Logan published his final geological report on this country, and this was followed by a special report on the petroleum

* That would be at least as early as 1652.

† A little stream about thirty-five miles back from the Basin where the oil operations have been most actively carried on.

by Hunt in 1865. This was near the period of rapid development of the petroleum production in Pennsylvania, and though the anticlinal theory of oil accumulation had not been formulated so early, yet private enterprise began the drilling for oil along the inland extension of these anticlines into the region about the upper reaches of the York river. From then till now companies have been organized to obtain this product and companies syndicated; new companies representing other capital appeared and were syndicated. Many wells have been driven, some of them to the great depth of over three thousand feet; refineries have been erected at enormous expense; all apparatus for drilling and refining has had to be brought in by water from the States or Europe and hauled over rough roads through the wilderness for twenty to thirty miles. All the labor and all the expense has been ever in the hope of finding oil. The refineries were built to refine the oil it was hoped to find, not oil that had been found, and new wells were sunk, not to find more oil, but only in the hope of finding some oil. The successive managers of the companies have lived in enviable magnificence at the Basin in the same hope of discovery. Nothing has seemed to me, a passing observer, so out of harmony with the spirit of the country as this display of prosperity with only a bubble behind it. Yet it has, I believe, all been fully justified. The sandstone into which the wells have gone are saturated with petroleum, and there must indeed be an enormous total amount of this material in the strata. But nature seems to have made no proper provision for its accumulation. Practice on the theory of storage in pools parallel to the anticlines, which has been so fruitful in other Appalachian oil fields, has here been without result. The folds are there and their troughs into which the oil might settle by gravity, but somehow it has got away. All external conditions for extensive production are absolutely favorable and attractive. The total product of all these years is the occasional brief gush, the little that has accumulated in the bottom of the wells and been pumped out. I have been in no position to form an explanation of the real cause of this condition, but it is my suspicion that by cracks and joints in the bottom of the troughs the oil which might have accumulated therein has gone on further down and out of the reach of the drill. Gaspé as an oil field is deranged though very seductive.

So Gaspé can not make a home for miners of any kind, for there are no mineral deposits of any present moment in it. Gaspé Basin, being a magnificent harbor, became a busy little port of passage.

(Its gentle eastern and southern slopes have made some small farming possible, while its rivers have been the nurses of a lumber trade.

But it is the submarine topography of Gaspé that fixed the business of its people from the dawn of its civilized history. Its seas are washing the devoured continents, and their shallow rocky bottoms are the home of the cod. It is not in the deeper waters that the search for cod goes on. The fishermen of the Forillon do not spend much time in the waters of the Bay, where the shore falls away abruptly to considerable depths, but they betake themselves around Shiphead and to the foot of the Bon Ami cliffs, where a broad sunken platform of rock is the resort of the fish; or they may go as far as the American Bank with the fishermen of St Peter, Malbay and Percé, but the cod from off the long shore stretches of vanished rocks are the best, smaller indeed, but quickest caught and soonest cured, before the deterioration begins which ensues in the long trip from the distant banks. The ocean through countless ages hammered down the mountains of this Gasperian world and brought their heads beneath its waves. Had not the rocky coast been thus exposed to the ceaseless play of the northeast storms, no suitable habitat would have been made for the cod. Few spots in the world are so prolific in these fish as this region of drowned mountains, this submerged tip of the great Appalachian mountain system. The ancient unceasing warfare between sea and mountain has cut out for Gaspé its occupation for all time. Its history and its civilization, its stories of fortunes acquired, or oftener of meagre livings wrested and wrung from the sea, have all their origin, like the picturesqueness of its scenery, in the geology of the country. "Que voulez-vous!" exclaims the Abbé Ferland. "It is the land of the cod. By your eyes and by your nose, by your tongue and your gorge, and by your ears as well, you are soon convinced that in the Gasperian Peninsula the cod forms the basis of aliment and amusement, of business and conversation, of regrets and hopes, of fortune and of life, and I venture to say, of society itself."



FROM THE TOP OF MT STE ANNE, PERCÉ

THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS

The French Fishermen — Jehan Denys — Cartier; stops at Percé; lands in Gaspé Bay — Champlain — The Recollets — Sir William Alexander — Kirk and De Roquemont — The Jesuits — Nicholas Denys — Return of the Recollets — Father LeClercq — St Peter's Church at Percé — St Clair's at Bonaventure Island — Fathers Didace, Joseph Denys and Jumeau at Percé — Burning of the Churches by the English — Father Jumeau's Letter — Hovenden Walker and Jack Hill at Gaspé — Beauharnois — American loyalists

There is but scanty record of the beginnings of the settlements. The larger affairs of exploration and colonization touched these coasts only in passing, and they leave much to the imagination for what may have happened. It is quite certain, however, that before the days of Cartier the coast had been reached by explorers. They knew of the *Golfo Quadrato*, the square gulf that lay back of the Terra Nova, though it took long for the charts to separate Newfoundland from the mainland and to locate the great water arms above and below, which lead back around into the Gulf. We know of the map said to have been made by Jehan Denys, a very familiar surname in the history of Gaspé, in 1506, which gives the outline of the coast from Miscou to the St Lawrence with comparative accuracy, and fringes it with an array of place names which are certainly of very much later date. It is such a map, says Winsor, as would have been quite possible for an intrepid and zealous explorer of this date to have made, but its outline is so great an advance over any of contemporary date as to bring even this part of it under suspicion. It is said that when Cartier first entered the Gulf, in 1534, through the lower passage, he encountered a Norman fisher, and it was not long after his voyages that the fishing was regularly established on the coast, both by the Normans and the Biscayans. Portuguese explorers were along here, too, earlier than Cartier, but it remained for this lucky Frenchman to give a new domain to his king. That hot day in July, 1534, when he roasted in the Bay Chaleur and recorded the fact in its name, is the earliest definite date that has come down to us of the entry of the white man into Gaspesian waters. More momentous far was that day later in the same month when he erected a cross on the

beach near Douglastown, in Gaspé Bay, and took possession of the country in the name of the king.

Coasting along the open headlands and below the Bay Chaleur he anchored for awhile in the channel off the Percé Rock, and then sailed on to the opening of Gaspé Bay, the Baie du Penouil of French writers of later date. We retell his story in the words of Hakluyt, for the Preacher's English is more picturesque than Les-carbot's French, from which it is derived.

"BEing certified that there was no passage through the said Bay,* we hoised saile, and went from S. Martines Creeke vpon Sunday, being the 12. of July, to goe and discouer further beyond the said Bay, and went along the sea coast Eastward about eighteene leagues, till we came to the Cape of Prato,† where we found the tide very great, but shallow ground, and the Sea stormie, so that we were constrained to draw toward shore, between the said Cape and an Iland lying Eastward, about a league from the said Cape, where we cast anker for that night. The next morning we hoised saile to trend the said coast about, which lyeth North Northeast. But there arose such stormie and raging winds against vs, that we were constrained to come to the place againe, from whence we were come: there did we stay all that day til the next that we hoised vp saile, and came to the midst of a riuier fīue or size leagues from the Cape of Prato Northward, and being ouerthwart the said Riuier, there arose againe a contrary winde, with great fogges and stormes. So that we were constrained vpon Tuesday, being the fourteenth of the Moneth, to enter into the riuier, and there did we stay till the sixteenth of the moneth looking for faire weather to come out of it: on which day being Thursday, the winde became so raging that one of our ships lost an anker, and we were constrained to goe vp higher into the riuier seuen or eight leagues, into a good harborough and ground that we with our boates found out, and through the euill weather, tempest, and darkenesse that was, wee stayed in the saide harborough till the fīue and twentieth of the moneth, not being able to put out: in the meane time wee sawe a great multitude of wilde men that were fishing for mackerels, whereof there is great store. Their boates were about 40, and the persons, what with men, women, and children, two hundred, which after they had hanted our company a while, they came very familiarly with their boats to the sides of our ships. We gaue them kniues, combes, beads of glasse, and other trifles of small value, for which they made many signes of gladnesse, lifting their hands vp to heauen, dancing and singing in their boates. These men may

* Bay of Chaleur.

‡ Bonaventure.

† Percé Rock.

§ Gaspé Bay.

very well and truly be called Wilde, because there is no poorer people in the world. For I thinke all that they had together, besides their boates and nets, was not worth fūe souce. They goe altogether naked sauīg their priuities, which are couered with a little skinnē, and certaine olde skinnēs that they cast vpon them. Neither in nature nor in language doe they any whit agree with them which we found first: their heads be altogether sauen, except one bush of haire which they suffer to grow vpon the top of their crowne as long as a horse taile, and then with certaine leather strings binde it in a knot vpon their heads. They haue no other dwelling but their boates, which they turne vpside downe, and vnder them they lay themselves all along vpon the bare ground. They eate their flesh almost raw, saue onely that they heat it a little vpon imbers of coales, so doe they their fish. Vpon Magdalens day we with our boates went to the bancks of the riuer, and freely went on shore among them, whereat they made many signs, and all their men in two or three companies began to sing and dance, seeming to be very glad of our comming. They had caused all the young women to flee into the wood, two or three excepted, that stayed with them, to ech of which we gaue a combe, and a little bell made of tinne, for which they were very glad, thanking our Captaine, rubbing his armes and breasts with their hands. When the men saw vs giue something vnto those that had stayed, it caused al the rest to come out of the wood, to the end that they should haue as much as the others: These women are about twenty, who altogether in a knot fell vpon our Captaine, touching and rubbing him with their hands, according to their manner of cherishing and making much of one, who gaue to each of them a little Tinne Bell.

Vpon the 25 of the moneth, wee caused a faire high Crosse to be made of the height of thirty foote, which was made in the presence of many of them, vpon the point of the entrance of the sayd hauen, in the middest whereof we hanged vp a Shield with three Floure de Lucēs on it, and in the top was carued in the wood with Anticke letters this posie, Viue le Roy de France. Then before them all we set it vpon the sayd point. They with great heed beheld both the making and setting of it vp. So soone as it was vp, we altogether kneeled downe before them, with our hands toward Heauen, yeelding God thanks: and we made signes vnto them, shewing them the Heauens, and that all our saluation dependeth onely on him which in them dwelleth: whereat they shewed a great admiration, looking first one at another, and then vpon the Crosse. And after wee were returned to our ships, their Captaine, clad with an old Beares skin, with three of his sonnes, and a brother of his with him, came vnto vs in one of their boates, but they came not so neere vs as they were wont to doe: there he made a long Oration vnto vs, shewing vs the crosse we had set vp, and making a crosse with two fingers, then did he shew vs all the Countrey about vs, as if he would say that all was his, and

that wee should not set vp any crosse without his leaue. His talke being ended, we shewed him an Axe, faining that we would giue it him for his skin, to which he listened, for by little and little hee came neere our ships. One of our fellowes that was in our boate, tooke hold on theirs, and suddenly leapt into it, with two or three more, who enforced them to enter into our ships, whereat they were greatly astonished. But our Captain did straightwaies assure them, that they should haue no harme, nor any iniurie offred them at all, and entertained them very friendly, making them eate and drinke. Then did we shew them with signes, that the crosse was but onely set vp to be as a light and leader which wayes to enter into the port, and that wee would shortly come againe, and bring good store of iron wares and other things, but that we would take two of his children with vs, and afterward bring them to the sayd port againe: and so wee clothed two of them in shirts, and coloured coates, with red cappes, and put about euery ones necke a copper chaine, whereat they were greatly contented: then gaue they their old clothes to their fellowes that went backe againe, and we gave to each one of those three that went backe, a hatchet, and some kniues, which made them very glad. After these were gone, and had told the news vnto their fellowes, in the after noone there came to our ships sixe boates of them, with fiue or sixe men in euery one, to take their farewells of those two we had detained to take with vs, and brought them some fish, vttering many words which we did not vnderstand, making signes that they would not remoue the crosse we had set vp.

Thus was the whole country, from that time to be known as New France, become the domain of the French King by this seizin on the shores of Gaspé. From Gaspé, Cartier sailed back to St Malo, not stopping to enter the great waterway of the St Lawrence, which he may well have believed to lead to Cathay. On his return the next year to follow up this passage to the Indies, he did not stop at Gaspé even long enough to disembark the two young Indian sons of a Gaspesian chief, whom he had taken (the English say kidnapped) from Sandy Beach back with him to France. In the century that followed, the Gaspé coast was visited by the fishermen for the cod and mackerel, at first we may suppose occasionally by some venturer beyond the banks of Newfoundland, but by the middle of the sixteenth century probably regularly for the whole fishing season from May to November. They came from Normandy and St Malo, Bordogne and many places along the Bay of Biscay, La Rochelle, Olonne and the Isle d'Yeu, but they were not settlers on the coast. We can not tell the slender doings that were slowly making during all this time toward permanent occupation,

but we may believe that the beaches were yearly dotted with the curing-houses and covered with the stages, flakes and the round mows of dried fish thatched with birch-bark held down by large stones as they were in the days of Nicholas Denys and as they are today.

Up to the time of Champlain's voyage along the coast in 1603 and later, there was nothing to invite the traveler for a longer stay than shelter at Gaspé harbor or wood and water at Percé.

But if the character of the country failed to offer inducement to permanent settlement to farmer or fisherman, the souls of the natives did, and as early as 1610 it was proposed to the Jesuit superiors to establish colonies for the purpose of disseminating the gospel. Champlain, however, had a fondness for the Recollets; there was a Franciscan monastery in his home town of Brouage, and so the missions in New France were begun by the four whom he brought out from Brouage in 1615. Unmoved by motives of material gain, but in zealous obedience to the divine command, *Euntes ergo docete omnes gentes*, these knights of the faith were soon to break ground in this wilderness of Gaspé.

Who it was and at what spot he began his labors our records do not show, but the *Jesuit Relations* say that the date was 1619, and as Percé was the best known station on the coast, where most of the vessels from France dropped anchor on their way in and out, where fresh water and fuel could be had in abundance and the French fishermen resorted in greatest numbers, it seems likely that here the work commenced.

Trouble was now brewing between the two governments which claimed supremacy over all this country. The English were settling in Cape Breton. Sir William Alexander, who had received from James I patents to all the territory as far as Cape Gaspé, was endeavoring to spread the settlements further northward, and was scattering new place names along the coast. With the modesty of a Joshua he called all this country from Acadia to the St Lawrence, New Alexandria. But New Alexandria was not to be of long duration, nor was the Recollet mission in Gaspé, for the war between the French and English soon came on and the fathers abandoned their work in 1624. It was in 1628 that Admiral Kirk of the English fleet overhauled the French commander De Roquemont in Gaspé Bay, where he had taken harbor, and fought him to his complete finish, burning his vessels laden with supplies for the forces at Quebec and capturing an enormous booty. The Dieppoisi

Englishman tarried awhile in Gaspé Basin, and Faucher says that while there he burned a cache of grain belonging to the Jesuits, though he had promised in the capitulation not to disturb the religious. It is evident that the Recollets are meant, for several Recollet fathers were among the captives, and it is an interesting reference to their early presence in the Basin.

After the recovery of Canada from the English in 1632, Riche-lieu offered the Canadian missions to the Capuchins, but, declined by them, these were tendered to the Jesuits, and it was in that year on Trinity Sunday that Father LeJeune arrived in "Gaspay," and he speaks of the contentment with which he entered the new country after his long voyage. Here he found fishing vessels from Honfleur and Biscay and celebrated mass in their cabins. Father LeJeune went on to Tadousac, but he seems to have been stationed on the Gaspé coast, for in 1634 he says the winter was so cold that the Indians killed and ate a young boy whom the Basques had left to learn the language, and again in 1635 speaks of the great abundance of cod in "our great river at Gaspé." It was in 1636 that Nicholas Denys, eventually to become the Lieutenant Governor-General of the King over all the country between Cape Canso and Cape Rosier, began his labors for the development of the coast and its opening to settlement. His long activity on the coast for more than forty years seems to have been attended with an open want of sympathy from those whose co-operation he was entitled to expect and with severe losses from the adventures in the fishing. It is difficult to find evidence that any permanent settlement had been made by the French at any Gaspé point up to this date. Champlain's great map of his explorations in New France, dated 1632, indicated all French settlements of the country with a flag, but there is no flag on all Gaspé. And of the events along the coast all during the supremacy of Denys we know little, though he himself wrote most interestingly of its natural history, its fishing and but only incidentally of the procession of happenings during his time.

Nicholas Denys came to Canada with the Commander Razilly soon after the treaty of 1632 and he seems to have settled on the coast of Acadia about 1636. His residence was frequently changed, but even in his later years, when he had become concerned with the Percé fishing, it does not appear that he settled in Gaspé. With Nicholas came his brother Denys de Vitré. Nicholas established a fishing station at Rossignol which he exploited in partnership with Razilly, and after the death of the latter he was appointed by the

Compagnie du Nouvelle France "Gouverneur en toute l'étendue de la grande baie Saint-Laurent et îles adjacentes à commencer depuis le cap de Canseau jusqu' au Cap des Rosiers." He then established fishing stations at Chedebucto (Guyborough) and at St Pierre in Breton. His commission gave him trouble, however, for Le Borgne, a Rochelle merchant, had obtained from the French Parliament a concession of the same territory, from which he proceeded to drive Denys out. Sixty of Le Borgne's men attacked Denys at his house on Cape Breton, carried off his workmen, and pillaged his vessel, which was loaded with merchandise. Denys himself they carried to Port Royal and put in irons. As soon as he was released he made for France, and returned in 1654 to take possession of his posts, fortified with a commission from the King. Finally, to enable him to pay the large debt he had contracted through the failure of his enterprises in the fishing, the Government reassumed or resold his patent to the vast territory he controlled and gave to his son, Richard Denys de Fronsac, the lands on Miramichi Bay and River. Richard afterward obtained the concession of Percé and adjoining territory.

During all the years from 1632 the Jesuits had taken possession of the missions, but we catch only occasional glimpses of their activities. We know that Father André Richard was on the coast at Percé and nearby in 1661, and that he followed in this field Father Martin Lyonne. Denys says that there were twelve hundred French fishing vessels along this coast and in Newfoundland in 1650. It was about 1670 that the Government consented to the return of the Recollets. Richard Denys invited their presence at Percé, and Fathers Hilarion Guesnin and Exuperius de Thune were sent here by their superior. Whether they came together or in succession, they were the first to take up the work abandoned by the Recollets fifty years before. No progress had been made in the settlement of the country; it was still a wilderness, and the mission was to the four or five hundred Gaspesian Indians and nearly the same number of French fishermen. Thus it was when Chrestien LeClercq arrived at Percé, on the 27th of October, 1675, to take the mission. LeClercq repaired at once to the home of Pierre Denys, on Gaspé Bay, and being wholly at loss for means of communication with the Indians, set himself to acquire their language, spending his first winter with them in the camps at the head waters of the rivers. It is to him that we owe the interesting *Nouvelle Relation de La Gaspésie* (1691), which has depicted with

vividness and force the labors, discouragements and slender results of his mission and the nature, habits and customs of his Indians, an account which closes with the first period of his labors. Of less concern is his *Premier Établissement du Foy*, which is said to be a mutilated work, suffering from the keen jealousies between the two sects, Recollets and Jesuits, at that day in the field.

The Percé mission house was founded in 1682, according to the contemporary account given by Father LeTac. LeClercq remained five years in spite of discouragements in the conversion of the natives, which depressed him to such a degree that he begged his superior to relieve him of his charge. In his writings he speaks of the church at Percé, but it seems that this structure which was to pass under the vocable "St Peter's" was not erected till 1685. It was built by Brother Didace, was fifty feet long and contained rooms for the religious. We may believe that the hospice at Percé and the church of St Claire on Bonaventure were built at the same time and by the same hands. Father Joseph Denys was then missionary at Percé. He was succeeded by Father Jumeau, who had been at the mission during LeClercq's settlement; and it was Jumeau who witnessed the pillage and burning of all the churches by the "Boston corsairs" and "Dieppe renegades" of Sir William Phips's naval forces in 1690. One can conceive of LeClercq's horror and despair at receiving from his former coworker the account of the appalling doings at the little mission.

After the Provincial congresses at Albany and New York early in 1690, which concluded the purpose on the part of the Colonies to take offensive measures against New France, Sir William Phips was, as early as June, on his expedition from Boston against Quebec. He captured Port Royal, as all the world knows, and proceeded with his thirty-four vessels up through the Gulf and on to Quebec. Here he found himself confronted by an impregnable fortress, and his imperious demand for surrender was greeted with derision. Without a gun fired he turned about and sailed for home, and his "corsairs" seem to have found an opportunity to discharge themselves of their pent-up zeal at the little mission of Percé. It was a shameless, brutal outburst of ruffianism which we may believe was perpetrated by stragglers from the fleet without the commander's orders or knowledge. Father Jumeau, escaping from the devastation and wreck to the Isle D'Yeu in Biscay, wrote to his coworker as follows:

My Reverend Father :

I pass in silence the distressing details of the shipwreck that we suffered last year, during a terrible night, the twenty-third of November, off Cap Des Rosiers, fifteen leagues from the Isle Percée; and the troubles we have endured this year, from having been seized by a frigate of Flessingue, fifty leagues from Rochelle; for I wish to confide to you the one sorrow which fills my whole heart at present, and which, I am certain, will afflict you no less than it does me, since I have been a witness of the pains you have taken in establishing our mission in the Isle Percée, and of the zeal with which you have labored for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It seems as though it pleased Our Lord to preserve my life in the shipwreck only that I might be a witness also of the total ruin and utter desolation of this place, in order to relate it to you, who will make known to all the world to what excess of impiety and hatred heresy can reach when once it finds itself able by the help of its adherents to undertake and carry out its plans. Briefly to tell you: in the early part of last August two English frigates appeared, flying the French flag, in the roadstead of the Isle of Bonaventure, and by this stratagem they easily seized five fishing vessels whose captains and crews were at the time wholly occupied with fishing, and were all forced to fly to Quebec, not being in a condition to defend themselves nor contend with so many nations leagued against them. Then these sworn enemies of the State and of Religion, having attempted to land, and succeeding according to their desires, sojourned there eight whole days, and committed an hundred impious acts, with all the disorders imaginable. Among other things, they pillaged, ravaged and burned the houses of the inhabitants, who number at least eight or ten families, and who, for the most part, had already fled into the woods with precipitation, to avoid the presence and the cruelty of those pitiless Heretics, who made horrible carnage, fire and blood everywhere. I shiver with horror at the simple remembrance of the impieties and sacrileges that these wretches committed in our church, which they used as a guard-house and a place of debauch; animated by the same spirit as the Iconoclasts, they broke and strewed under foot our images, against which they fulminated a thousand imprecations, with invectives and insults as though they had been living creatures. The pictures of the Holy Virgin and of Saint Peter were not exempt from their fury and violence; for both were riddled with more than a hundred and fifty shots which these wretched men discharged, and with each shot they pronounced with mockery and derision these words of the litanies:

Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis;
Sancte Petre, ora pro nobis.

Not a cross escaped their fury, with the exception of the one that I formerly planted on the Table-à-Rolland, which by reason

of being on a mountain of too difficult access, stands at present all alone, the sacred monument of our Christianity. The sacrileges of Balthazar, who in olden times in the midst of a feast profaned the sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem, making his courtesans and concubines drink from them, were the same that these Heretics committed, who amidst their horrible debauches day and night, drank from our chalices bumpers to the health of the Prince of Orange, whom they blessed, hurling on the contrary a thousand imprecations against their legitimate King. The commander, in order to be as distinguished by his impiety as he was by his position, dressed himself in the handsomest of our chasubles, and by an ostentation as vain as it was ridiculous, promenaded on the beach, with the silver monstrance fastened on his cap, and obliged his companions, using a thousand dissolute words, to pay him the same honors and reverences that the Catholics render in the most solemn processions to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. At last they closed all these impieties with a ceremony as extraordinary in form as it was extravagant and abominable in all its circumstances. They took the crowns of the Holy Sacrament and of the Holy Virgin, and placed them on the head of a sheep; they tied the animal's feet, and having laid it on the consecrated Stone of the High Altar, they killed it, sacrificed it in derision of the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass, as a thanksgiving to God, (so they said) for the first victories they had gained, over the Papists of New France. This being finished they set fire to the four corners of the church, which was quickly reduced to ashes. So also did they treat that of our Mission in the Isle of Bonaventure, doomed to a like destiny, after they had broken the images and cut all the ornaments with great sabre-thrusts. You can well judge by the sorrow you feel at the simple recital that I make you of these disasters how deeply I was moved, when, on the very spot where had been the High Altar of our church, I found still there the carcass of the sheep which had served as the victim of that abominable sacrifice of those impious men. Outraged and penetrated with grief thus to see all the crosses of this Mission hacked into pieces or overthrown, I at once formed the resolution to re-establish the principal ones; this I succeeded in doing with the kind help of the inhabitants, who applied themselves to this holy work with a piety and devotion which exceeded even the fury and rage that the Heretics had displayed in destroying them. But alas! my dear Father, I have great cause to believe, and I fear indeed, that they will suffer again the fatal results of a second attack from these sworn enemies of our holy Religion, because two days after the erection of these Crosses, that is to say on the tenth of September, we were obliged to quickly cut our cables and spread sail at the sight of seven hostile ships, which gave chase to us in a strange manner, but from which we happily at last escaped by favor of the night, during which we beheld with grief all the habitations of the Little River [Gaspé Bay] on fire. God knows in what per-

plexity and inquietude we were then what to do, having no port sail which we needed to crowd sail, so as to get more quickly to a distance from the Isle Percée, and besides that, in want of bread, of fresh water, in a word of everything that is needed for so long and difficult a voyage as is that from Canada to France. But at last Our Lord in his mercy delivered us out of all these dangers, and particularly from the privateer of Flessingue, who, having seized our vessel, stripped us of everything, and after having detained us only four or five hours on board his ship, sent us back on our vessel after many menaces and much ill-treatment; and two days later, being again pursued by another vessel, we discovered joyfully the Isle Dieu [D'Yeu], where we have just cast anchor in the roadstead, and from which place I write you this letter, hoping to describe to you more fully the misfortunes of our Mission of the Isle Percée. Meanwhile remember me in your Holy Sacrifices, and believe me for all eternity yours.

It was in 1711 that Hovenden Walker and Jack Hill led their armada from Boston out against Quebec, and it was in Gaspé Bay they came to anchor while feeling their way pilotless through the Gulf. It was on the Egg Island that the storms of these rough waters tossed them with fearful loss of life, making an end of all their foolish ambitions. One at least of their fleet seems to have been wrecked on Cape d'Espoir.

Time runs rapidly on this coast without other record than the growth of the fisheries. The crisis between the French and English claims was approaching, and, foreseeing it, Beauharnois, the Governor-General, proposed to the Ministry in 1745 to effect an establishment at Gaspé while a few years later (1756) Montcalm complained that the English had already entrenched themselves there and urged that a French fleet be sent to drive them out. Indeed the English had already a fort on the spot, and the French were too late.

After the subversion of the French rule, settlement went on more rapidly. Nicholas Cox, Lieutenant-Governor of Gaspé, reported in 1777 that there were one hundred and seventy-four persons living at Gaspé. Upon the accomplishment of the American Revolution loyalist families from the States sought new homes in this country, and M. Rouillard, in a pamphlet issued by the Commissioner of Colonization,* states that General Haldimand detailed Capt. Justus Sherwood to explore the Bay Chaleur and the region northward and select the most suitable locations for settlement.

* *La Colonization dans les Comtés de Temiscouata, Rimouski, Matane, Bonaventure, Gaspé, 1899.*

This was in 1783, and as a result of the exploration two hundred and fifty to three hundred loyalist families located, part at Douglastown, on Gaspé Bay, and the rest at New Carlisle and New Richmond, in Bonaventure County.

These dates, however, bring us far this side of our topic and of the organization of the fishing on the coast by Charles Robin, the most pregnant event in its history, and this we mean to speak of in the following chapter.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE COD-FISHERIES OF GASPÉ

Procedure in the time of Nicholas Denys — Same methods followed today — Present mode of packing for shipment — The arrival of Charles Robin — Early procedure of the Robin Establishment — Robin's letters — Capture of the "Bce" and "Hope" — Business abandoned on account of American Revolution — Criticisms of the Robin administration — Incoming of the Loyalists settlers — Later fishing establishments

To Gaspé the cod-fishing has been of much more moment than to the other cod-producing regions of the world. Newfoundland and Norway have their timber, their mines, their agriculture, but none of these has many possibilities for Gaspé, save perhaps the timber of its inland wilderness. The cod ever has been the chief commercial asset of the country, the largest factor in its settlement and development, and it is likely to continue so to be. The venturesome Norman fishermen found their way hither very early, but for more than one hundred years after the coming of Cartier, indeed up to the arrival of the Recollets at Percé, the fishing was carried on without permanent settlement on the coast. Writing in 1672 Nicholas Denys says: "Those who follow the fishing are mostly Normans from Honfleur, Dieppe and other small harbors of that country, some from Boulogne and Calais, Brittany, Olonne and all the country of Aulnais. The Basques," he adds, "are the most skilful; after them the Rochelle men and those from the neighboring islands, then the Bourdelois and Bretons." Each year these fishing crews made their way across the Atlantic, anchored in the bays and coves, made their catch, cured it ashore and returned to France with their cargo. Sometimes the trip across was made even twice a year, once just after the early summer fishing and again after the autumn return of the fish, when all sailed back to be in time for the Lenten market. Even during these years while Denys watched and shared in the fishing on the coast, from 1633 to 1688, and while it was carried on from across the sea, the coast was a scene of great activity from June to December and brought some hundreds of vessels from the other side. The picture which Denys has given of the whole procedure of the fishing business in chapter after chapter of his "Natural History" of 1672, presents the minutest detail and particular of these operations as then carried out from the em-

barkation on the French coast till anchor was again dropped in the home ports. With the beginning of permanent settlement by the fishing folk the methods of the business did not materially alter, as everything still depended on the shipmasters who came out from France. In the 1700's the settlements were gradually attained, bringing with them the storing of the fish ashore till convenient transportation could be had and Denys's dream of a successful *pesche sedentaire* was realized. An annotated translation of Denys's work by Professor W. F. Ganong has recently been published by the Champlain Society.

We have very slender records of this business on the coast till the time of the coming of the organizer and syndicator of the Gaspé fishing, Charles Robin, in 1766. A practical fishing master of Gaspé today, trained by long experience in the Robin establishment, upon reading Denys's account, assures me that, *mutatis mutandis*, that is, due allowance being made for the fact that the fishing fleet is now Canadian and not French, the methods and processes in vogue now are essentially those of two hundred years ago and that time has found little to add to the efficiency of the procedure.

It was the business of the beach master then as now to keep the beaches well covered with rounded stones and pebbles, as free from sand as possible, and to see that the boys pulled out all weeds and removed all debris. With the same shaped hooks and with lines rigged as now, and with the same bait, the cod was taken, and pitched from the shallops with the same shaped pew. At the splitting table built as today were the trancheur, decoleur and picqueur, supplied with fish from the same shaped barrow by the same shaped boy. The splitters with knives of the ancient pattern today still grasp the fish by the "ears" for decapitation, with one time-honored movement disembowel it and push the livers into the vat through a hole in the splitting table and with another cut out the backbone. The liver vat still has its wicker for the oil to drain through, and still gives off, as the livers stew in the sun, an incense too rank to rise heavenward, the special *parfumerie* of the devil, equaled only by the aroma rising from the cod heads festering in the sun's heat on the plowed fields.*

* Mr. Dolbel of the Fruing Co. at Grande Grève tells me that this appalling and stupefying stench is actually agreeable to the fishermen and that when action has been taken by the local authorities toward abating the nuisance, the fishermen have been so incensed over the matter as to compel the abeyance of such attempts.

It is going on three centuries since the splitters at their table stood in half-barrels with their aprons running down outside. In describing the work at the splitting table Denys says amongst other details:

The decoleur "pushes the cod on to the dresser, who takes it by the ear with a mitten that he wears on his left hand, otherwise he could not hold it firmly, places the back against a wooden rod the length of the cod, two fingers thick and nailed opposite to him on the bench to hold the fish steady and prevent it from sliding in its fat during the operation." The decoleur still wears the mitten and the table still has the wooden rod.

As then so now the fish are laid head to tail and salted, are arranged on the flakes, grouped *en mouton* at night and in pile on the beach. The spruce flakes on a well-constructed beach are now as they were then, though the boughs with which they were overlain are now being driven out by wire netting;* and the mow-shaped piles on the beach are sometimes thatched with gaff cod laid tail upward, but more often with birch rinds, or in heavy weather with sail cloth, as in the old days.

In fact, throughout Denys's description the procedure is that still regarded as essential to making good fish. The gentlemen I have referred to find a slight difference in the mode of drying the fish then and now, and suspect that the old way may be the best. Now the fish are spread on the flakes flesh up and toward evening turned skin up for the night. Then they were laid skin up first, turned flesh up later in the day and then again turned skin up for the night. The old process involved another turning, but gave the skin a chance to dry first, and the back must be thoroughly dried in all well-cured cod.

The changed conditions of the coast today of course have made the final stages in the packing for shipment wholly different than formerly. Now the fish are packed in tubs and drums containing one Portuguese quintal of one hundred and twenty-eight pounds for the Brazil markets, in casks of four hundred and forty-eight

* The introduction of wire netting is regarded a decided advance in the curing of the fish as it is less liable to harbor the multitude of flies which are attracted by the fish during the first days they are on the flakes as well as in damp weather.

pounds for the Mediterranean and West Indies.* The large and gaff fish generally go in bulk to Portugal. Not every economy is employed in utilizing all parts of the fish. Should a Chicago packing house allow so much of any of its meat animals to go to waste as the fisherman does of his cod a considerable margin of profit would be sheared away. The cod's head, with its sharp, hard enamel teeth and keen-edged bones and delicate flesh, is thrown away, the backbone and sounds with their possibilities for glue and fertilizer are rejected, and the livers refined only to a very crude oil for leather dressing. Several thousand tons of rejectamenta are annually left to waste their sweetness on the Gaspé air.

It was not until after the fall of Quebec that capitalists from the Channel Islands became interested in this Gaspé fishing, and among the first of these were members of the Robin family of Jersey. The Robins were established on Bay Chaleur in 1764, and probably on Cape Breton as early, doing business in the latter place under the firm name of Philip Robin & Co., and in the former at Paspebiac, as Charles Robin & Co., Philip and Charles being brothers.

When Charles Robin came to Gaspé the fishing was scattered in small establishments and without organization. Though his purpose was to seek locations for new establishments on the capital he represented, yet the outcome was the development of a concern with interests so wide upon the coast and influences so commanding upon the greater part of the fishing industry as to practically consolidate and control the entire business without serious competition for nearly a century and to set the pace for all future undertakings along this line. The firm name has changed with time, but till 1886 it was Charles Robin & Co., then took the form C. Robin & Co., Ltd. A few years later Collas & Co. amalgamated with the old firm and the title became The Charles Robin-Collas Co., Ltd. Up to this time the capital of the business was all in Jersey, and the entire transaction of the fishing was carried out in accordance with orders from across the sea. In 1904 Collas & Whitman of Halifax entered the company, and the business is now the C. Robin-Collas Co., Ltd., with headquarters at Halifax. Today with the main

*Mr. Dolbel remarks that the four hundred and forty-eight pound cask is a quite recent innovation and being shipped by a steamer puts the fish on the market much earlier in the season than was usual by the old system of shipping in bulk by small sailing vessels carrying from one thousand eight hundred to two thousand five hundred quintals, sailing late in September and not often arriving till November.

establishment at the historic location, Paspebiac, the company controls twenty-eight fishing stations all along the shores of Gaspé from Bay Chaleur to well up the mouth of the St Lawrence and on the north shore of the river and the Labrador.

When Robin arrived in Gaspé he found an establishment at Bonaventure controlled by William Smith and with him entered into business relations, Smith gaining control of the stations up the Bay and Robin devoting his attention to acquiring or erecting new stations on the coast from Paspebiac down. Smith and Robin had a good many disagreements and finally ceased to co-operate. Robin's enterprises were proving fortunate when the American war broke out and his serious troubles began.

It has been my very good fortune through the favor of the General Manager of the Robin establishments and directly with the aid of Richardson Tardif, Esq., of Percé, to gain access to extracts from the letterbooks of Charles Robin kept among the records of the Paspebiac house. The letters of the earliest years of the establishment seem to have been lost and the first in the book is dated June 5, 1777, just at the commencement of his troubles with the Americans. Writing this month to his brother John at Neirechak he congratulates him on his narrow escape from capture and his safe arrival. They had apparently both started together on the return from one of many trips to Jersey, each in his own vessel and the fleet accompanied by a convoy, but they were overhauled by an American freebooter "the same that ruined us last year in Neirechak," and one of the vessels was captured. The sailing-masters had been wise enough to take out French papers at Jersey and with the help of the French flag completed their disguise and got clear, though his brother was separated from the rest of the fleet during the attack. Just about a year after, June 30, 1778, he writes to his brother Philip at Jersey an account of the capture of his vessels, the "Bee" and "Hope," at the station at Paspebiac.

"On the 11th instant at about 11 o'clock at night, two American privateers schooners of 45 tons, 2 carriage guns, 12 swivels and forty-five men each put alongside of the "Bee" & "Hope" and boarded them, there were but 3 men on board each, being all employed in the fishery and not expecting a visit from them so early, as otherwise the "Bee" could have kept them off had all the people been on board, she being the only vessel arrived for sometime was unloaded in a week which obliged us to put her guns in her hole as she would not bear them on deck in so wild a Road without ballast & it could not be the case without we had determined to make no fishing ourselves, an object of Qtls. 2000 which I thought

was worth our attention. The "Hope" had Qtls. 1400 fish on board, was to take Qtls. 200 more the next day & sail for Lisbon in a few days. They (the Privateers) sent her off the 13th and began to take everything out of the stores and ship them on board the "Bee." She was rigged & was going off the 15th; after which departure the Americans came to our Habitation to take me away, but I had fled to the woods the night before mistrusting it — however that morning three ships appearing, viz; His Majesty's ships "Hunter" and "Viper," and Mr. Smith's ship "Bonaventure" — the latter was here the first and fired at them, on their approach the Americans took in their Privateer all the dry goods they could come at and went away. I had concealed a little quantity (a third of the goods) which they could not come at — they had found the best part of our furs which they put on board, but having coiled the cable on them were obliged to leave them behind as well as the powder and ammunition, which I did not expect, neither that they would leave the ship without setting her on fire — both Privateers having been taken since at Restigouche so that I have recovered my goods to a trifle which they bartered with the Indians for canoes for their escape. I am to pay $\frac{1}{8}$ salvage on the "Bee." The "Hunter" and "Viper" were laying in Gaspé but being informed by Captain Fainton of Percé of the Privateer being here they set out — however they were too late to retake the "Hope." Capt. John Boyle of H. M. S. "Hunter" has promised to leave one of his ships in the Bay for our protection. The "Bee" is in ballast with ten men constantly on board in the day time who watch at night when there are thirty men on board and the shore gang is ready to join them in case of alarm.

I keep four shallops fishing & the Percé Gang, but they don't absent themselves at night, the crew sleeping on board."

Nervousness and anxiety are written large all through this very disconnected letter, but the times had indeed become nerve-wracking for one whose argosies were all on this coast. Very soon again he writes of more trouble:

July 25, 1778, "Neptune left for Miscou to collect fish — was taken the next day by Am. Privateer of 2 guns & 26 swivels with Qtls. 1050 fish which they put in their Privateer and sank the shallop — they also took another shallop belonging to the place, which shallop has since been retaken by H. M. ship "St. Peter", the Privateer escaped. Altho there are armed ships of war stationed in the Gulf, these small Privateers find means to be along the shore.

"The "Bee" is still fully manned & you may be persuaded we shall do our utmost to defend ourselves and property — these are very embarrassing times and heavy charges upon my weary shoulders, this is no more a place for an Englishman, the inhabitants being all inclined toward the Americans.

"Vessels to call at Falmouth for orders & how to proceed in case Jersey should be taken." [War with France was then imminent.]

Before the season was over his apprehensions got the best of Robin and he returned to Jersey where he remained till the summer of 1783. In April of this year he gives a letter of instructions to Capt. George Neil of the brig "Paix" for his guidance on arrival at Paspebiac, telling him among other things to "plant potatoes and May peas," and he himself reached Paspebiac June 14th. Soon after he writes that "war has impoverished this coast amazingly" and complains that the Restigouche savages had broken into his store at Trocadiguess (Carleton) and had stolen all they could take off.

Whatever may have been the methods adopted by Robin in his previous business in dealing with his employees, this year 1783, with the renewal of his enterprises on the coast, he introduced the "truck-system" then in vogue in Newfoundland. This was payment to the fishermen for fish taken, half in cash and half in goods from the company's stores. Doubtless this practice and its abuse laid the foundation for the severe aspersions that have at times been made upon the relations of the employers to the fishermen, for the cash must of necessity in large part be spent in the company store, thus the company's talent was returned to it with usury. The credit for goods led to advances to the men which in many cases made them almost serfs to the establishment, though by this practice of advances the company was certainly the loser. For ninety-nine years this system was maintained in the Robin establishments and still later in some of the other concerns.

Charles Robin retired from the fishing in 1802 a very wealthy man. When the Abbé Ferland was writing in 1836 he made some comments on the mode of administration of the Robin business which had then become the historic procedure. Charles Robin was then dead and the heads of the house were his nephews. I presume Ferland's account a faithful as it certainly is an interesting picture of the conduct of the business.

"Neither of the owners," he says, "resides on the property. The head of it [Philip Robin] travels in France and Italy; thence by letters communicates his plans and orders which are carried into effect by the Jersey resident [Jacques Robin]. In Gaspé the business is conducted by six commissioners placed two by two [presumably at the three large establishments, Paspebiac, Grand

River and Percé]. These employes must be unmarried men, or if married they are not allowed to have their wives with them. Very strict regulations govern them, entering into the minutest details as to their conduct, even specifying what dishes are to be served each day at their table. If these rules were faithfully carried out their cuisine would not be very costly. Although the emoluments of the commissioners are not great, nevertheless no master was ever better served than are the MM. Robin.

"Chosen at about the age of fourteen years and trained for some time by the heads of the concern, these employes are then placed in the establishments of Gaspé where the interests of the company seem to become identified with their own. Every second year one of the commissioners of each warehouse spends the winter in Jersey in order to give an account of the state of affairs.

"One of the most important principles of the MM. Robin is to allow no innovations. Many incidents are recorded relating to their attachment to the established order; I will cite only one. Their coasting vessels must always terminate in a long narrow stern. A few years ago their head carpenter in making a brig for the coast service thought desirable to give it a square stern, since the wood he was using necessitated that shape. Some months afterward he received orders to alter it and made it over again with the elongated stern. To this order was added a solemn injunction always to maintain the ancient practise."

The strictures made by the Abbé on the effect of the Robin fishing trust upon the settlements and their people may present a fair picture of the conditions seventy years ago and in the light of the present it is interesting to read them.

"The inhabitants of Paspebiac are completely dependent on the house of Robin. When the government decided to make grants of land to the people, M. Charles Robin, who held absolute authority here, persuaded the fishermen that it would be more to their advantage to have each but one piece of ten acres, for the reason that cultivation on a larger scale would take their time from the fisheries. They allowed themselves to be so persuaded and now repent of their folly. These small pieces of land furnish but a little amount of pasture, and the owners of them are obliged to buy everything at the stores of the company, who sell to them on credit and to whom they are always in debt.

"When they endeavor to shake off their bondage and carry their fish to other markets, they are threatened with a summons for debt before the tribunals of which they have a great dread. They are forced to submit to the yoke and expiate their effort at emancipation by a long penance.

"The regulations imposed on the agents forbid them to advance anything to the fishermen before a certain set time; the stores may be full of provisions, but not a biscuit can be given out before the

hour set. As the fishermen are only paid in goods they can not lay by anything for the future; when they have been furnished with whatever is necessary, their accounts are balanced by objects of luxury. So it comes about that the girls here wear more finery than the grand people of the faubourgs of Quebec.

"Schools are proscribed. 'There is no need of instruction for them,' wrote M. Philip Robin to his commissioners. 'If they were educated, would they be better fishermen?' * * * The fisherman is always in debt to the proprietors, always at their mercy, liable whenever his debts have got to the point where they can not be paid by the fisheries to be put on board any of the ships of the company to make a voyage to Europe as a sailor. So frequently one finds fishermen who have made a voyage to Jersey, Lisbon, Cadiz, Messina, Palermo."

The commentary of the Abbé Ferland probably goes farther than the situation really justified. Orders from the Jersey headquarters were indeed strict, even to a much later day than his. Mr. Tardif says that he has heard the old hands whose recollection runs back to the time of Ferland's writing say that the food supplied to the cook houses was good and the orders for general supplies called for salt beef, pork, biscuit, flour and chocolate, rum and tea in modest quantities. Charles Robin's letters certainly indicate more concern for the welfare of the settlements than Ferland gives him credit for. Under date of October 26, 1783, he expresses to his Jersey representative his wish that their next vessel shall be named "St Peter (le patron des pecheurs)" and if there is to be another, the "Aurora"

"because these names are familiar to the inhabitants of these parts such as were used by their former connections, in time their old manner will wear out and they naturally will adopt ours seeing no other set of men — this I observe daily, our borrowing for a time something of their manners make us appear more familiar which renders the access easier — a contrary measure such as blaming their dress or their customs and those that introduced them in the country to whom this generation must yet in a degree be partial, would retard that uniformity so very necessary to men who must live together and we are obliged by principles of generosity to go through the hardest part requisite to bring it in for we are the conquerors & they the vanquished & such as could not leave the country and seek a refuge among their own, being too poor — a hard situation indeed, which merits the commiseration of every feeling breast."

Then the loyalist refugees began to come into the country from the new States a year after and with the aid of Governor Cox were to find settlements about Paspébiac and thence up the Bay. The

vessels brought two hundred families in July, 1784, and returned for three hundred families more and in view of this impending invasion Robin appeals to Governor Cox to leave enough land for the use of the fishermen "whose benefit is immense not only in point of introducing wealth in the Kingdom but also in contributing to the British Marine in a very great measure, since it is allowed by all persons that after the coal trade the fishery makes or nurses up the most seamen."

Repeatedly his request was urged upon Governor Cox and two years later we find him writing to the Hon. John Collins, Quebec, his views of what should be done to improve the condition of the inhabitants and picturing the great value of the fisheries of Gaspé. "This bay," he says, "together with Gaspé and the whole coast between the two places produces at present about Qtls. 50,000 fish and about 1,000 Tierces salmon."

Referring to Ferland's statement about the gaudily dressed fishermaids forced by Mr. Robin's administration into unwelcome luxury Mr. Tardif comments, "Judging from the inventory books of stocks in those days I should be sorry for the 'grand people of the faubourgs of Quebec' for all the orders for cloth were for molten and serge, molten being a heavy blue flannel used largely for smocks."

An interesting note from Robin's letters is the following under date of Aug. 12, 1783; "The Guernsey men have settled at Grande Grève." These early settlers on the Grande Grève coast must have been independent fishermen selling to the Robins, for no establishment was organized on that shore till 1798 when the Janvrins started the business now conducted by the Wm. Fruing Co. Ltd., from Grande Grève as a center with a considerable number of stations along the coast.

I have not attempted to give any details in regard to the competitors of the Robin interests which have developed on the coast during the past half century. Of the Hymans, LeBoutilhier Bros., the LeBoutilliers, Marquand & Co., Valpy & Le Bas, The Percé Fishing Co., C. Biard & Co., some have gone and some remain. It is common conviction on the coast often expressed that the fishing is not as good as it was in bygone years, that the cod are fewer and the bait scarcer, but in old Denys's story of the fishing during the half century ending with 1672 there are occasional growls over scarcity of bait and if one considers how the fishing stations have multiplied on the coast and how many more men are employed in the business than ever before, then it is but natural that the share

falling to each man is palpably slender by comparison. Mr. Dolbel of the Fruing Co., has estimated for me that the number of fish taken at his stations amounts to an average catch of three to four millions, and if this is a fair figure certainly the entire Gaspé coast must afford from twenty to thirty millions of cod every year. The wonder is that after these nearly three hundred years of fishing there is a cod left in all the Gulf. Perhaps no one could find a more effective illustration of the profluence of that alma mater of all life, the sea.

THE PLACE NAMES

Many of the older locality names of Gaspé have gone through transformations both singular and natural. All the early names were those of the French occupation and several of them, like Cap Chat, Cap des Rosiers and Percé, date to Champlain's time. Cap Chat was named for de Chaste or de la Chate, Champlain's Dieppe patron who brought him out on his first trip, and without prejudice to its original significance it stands on the map by Francis de Creux, dated 1660, as *Promontorium felis*; Percé is the *Insula perforata* and had been thus designated for many years before; Cap Canon or Battery Point at Percé is *Promontorium furiosum*, while Cap d'Espoir or Desespoir (and it has long been written both ways, though Abbé Ferland thinks the latter the more likely to be the original form) is *promontorium spei*, the Cape of Hope, *d'Espoir*.

The French names are in priority entitled to survive their English translations. The French sailors and fishermen have distributed names openhandedly along the coast to every projection and cove, some of these derived from fancied resemblance of form like the cliff at Shiphead, La Vieille while it stood, others from associations incident to their discovery like Cap aux Os, where whalebones were found at its foot, L'Anse au Sauvage, because the home of a Micmac family, L'Anse au Beaufils, commemorating some stepson whose name and career are forgotten; names which are the expression of the bested sailor's hope or despair, like Cap Bon Ami, d'Espoir and many which have been suggested by natural features, Cap Rouge, Pointe Jaune, Chien Blanc, Cap Blanc, from the color of their rocks, Table-à-rolante, from the slope of the mountain surface. Gaspé itself, said to be derived from the split cliff at Cape Gaspé, is an Indian word in French dress, which makes it all the more singular that there should be another Gaspé in Quebec, a land patent taking its name from the patentee, Audebart Gaspé, a patronymic still extant and well known.

The corruptions of the old French place names by the English are on every hand, and the transformations are of no recent date. If there are any outward and visible expressions of indifference on the part of the English inhabitants toward the French it is seen most palpably in their treatment of the old names. Where translation has been practicable it has been effected, but otherwise the

original name has been corrupted first in sound then in spelling. It has been metamorphosed by the expression of its sound in English spelling, making corruptions which are perpetuated today on the maps. Malbay was *Molue Bay*, *Baie des Molues** or *Codfish Bay*; Griffon Cove, *L'Anse au Gris-fonds*, taking its name from the sandy bottom, not from any griffon which English imagination has thus accredited to the spot. Often the English residents (I do not mean to include the Jersey and Guernsey men whose disposition is to conserve the French) even decline the attempt to give the French accent to a French name. Meeting an English woman on the road at Gaspé Basin I asked her to direct me to the portage road, the only highway from the York to the Dartmouth, lying back of Gaspé mountain, "The *potash* road?" she said, "oh yes, it begins not far below the mill." On the Dartmouth three miles from the Basin is *L'Anse au Cousins*; among the English it is very like *Aunts and Cousins*. At the end of Point St Peter is a little flat rock of an island bearing a light house and known to the French as Plateau Island but on some of the English maps it is Plato Island, Flat Island and even, by patent carelessness of a compiler, Hat Island. Perhaps the most striking instance of this transference and consequent loss of meaning is the Cap aux Os on the Little Gaspé shore—the Cape of the Bone. In Sir Wm. Logan's geological reports of this region dating back to 1844 and in those of some of his successors the place is spelled Cape Oiseau, bad French for Bird Cape. On most of the English maps of the present, and in atlases like the Century and Rand and McNally's it is simply and phonetically Cape Ozo, meaningless and almost intentionally indifferent to its origin. Now I find the same name in the English mouths rapidly degenerating into *Caboozo*. In the days of Nicholas Denys Gaspé Bay was "The Little River" as contrasted to the great river just across the narrow Forillon. Now Little River is away up the coast beyond Cape d'Espoir. The name Forillon which we have been using as a real necessity for the Little Gaspé peninsula is already forgotten by the people living on it, though it was well enough known to Abbé Ferland in 1836 and Faucher St Maurice in 1876. The name Penouil by which the Gaspé Bay was long ago known is still in use among the French. It was the Bay of the Peninsula, Penouil being a Basque term which was applied to the sandy bar at the head of the Bay which is now known as Peninsula.

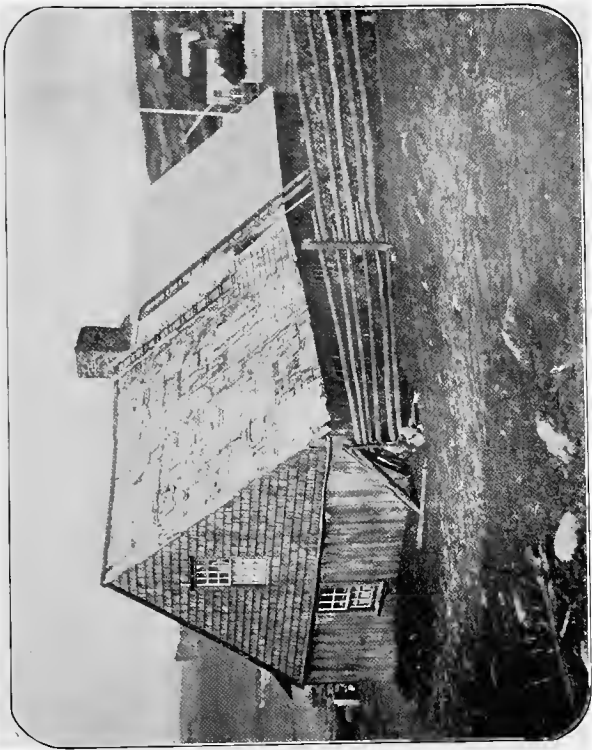
**Molue* is old French for *morue*, cod; *molue* is derived from *mole*, a bank, as the *molue* is a bank-fish.

BONAVENTURE ISLAND

Early Settlement — The Old Houses — Gannet Cliffs

The way to see Bonaventure Island, and one can not pass it by and have seen Gaspé, is first to tramp it, get acquainted with its hospitable people, its wooded bluffs and red rock shore, and catch a glimpse of its marvelous bird cliffs, then to cruise about it and get the bird cliffs in fuller and more majestic view.

Bonaventure is about three miles long and somewhat narrower, with a surface sloping down from the north to a rocky shore at the southwest. Two hundred and fifty or more years ago Father Enjalran stopping off at Percé visited a Biscay fisherman on Bonaventure who was catching six thousand cod a day, and since the date of permanent settlement of the county there has been a fishing station on the little western patch of beach where at an early day were located the Janvrins whose head establishment was at Grande Grève. About it is clustered the remains of the diminutive original settlement, and thence along the bit of road which runs to the south are the later comers, two or three dozen all told. Bonaventure had its mission as early as Percé, and its little church St Claire was burned by the Boston "corsairs" in 1690, like St Peter's at Percé. Here was the home of Captain Duval, privateer and freebooter during the French war of one hundred years ago. Alongside the fishing station stands a relic one hundred and fifty years old, the Philip Mauger house, weather beaten and patched outside, warmly inviting within, infused with hospitality of the best the island can give. Here's a spot to delight the lover of the quaint; the home of sailors and the sons of sailors, and equipped with the things that sailors love; Staffordshire images on the mantel over the fireplace, a gold lustre jug or two on the shelf under the family pictures, a cupboard full of English Davenport and willowware and a great six quart Sunderland sailor's pitcher, resplendent with its pink metallic sheen, its sailor's mottoes and picture of that marvel to contemporary potters, the "New Bridge over the Wear at Sunderland, 1798." Above the mantel hangs a sailor's roll, a Newcastle or Sunderland device in white glass, the shape of a rolling pin, decorated with sailor's mottoes in the same style as the Sunderland jugs — an ornament solely, but dear to the sailor's heart — hung suspended from the wall by ribbons attached to its two



MAUGER HOUSE, BON AVENTURE ISLAND

handles. I have seen only a part of the interior of the house, the great kitchen into which one enters from the ground and which extends the full width of the building, the little parlor to the left and the smaller dining-room far around behind at the remote corner, but fancy pictures the rest of the rooms, all on the ground, given over to relics of a former time. Here is a glimpse of the house worth recording. When I last saw it Mr. Mauger told me that it was to be soon abandoned and probably taken down to make way for a new structure, but the invisible hand has intervened — death has taken the head of the house and the old place has now been abandoned for a New York city flat.

Close upon this venerable house stands another, the ancestral home of Mr Butline, and his till he deserted it first to live across the channel and then across the Great Divide. It was his home when I first saw it, neat and attractive within, brightened by a dainty wife and a reminiscent father, a venerable sailor who in his early days had brought over from Sunderland another of those sailor's jugs. The Butline house must be nearly as old as the Mauger house. One's walk may lead him along the road to the south end of the island, among the scattered dwellings, further and further apart as he goes, thence if he will he may skirt the island's edge along the seaward shore. There are trails through the bush which enable him to push his way on the constantly rising cliff edge. Among the inevitable spruce and fir he will find an occasional open patch and in August the pepino berries are ripe and to his hand if he fancies their musty taste. Climbing ever higher he comes out at length to where the serried ranks of water fowl line the seaward face of the rocks. The cliffs have now risen to a height of four hundred feet and on the successive ledges of the nearly flat red rocks the birds sit in ranks at attention, save for the busy sentinels forever hovering above them. Perfect rest and eternal motion are here combined, but a pistol shot into the air obliterates all of the former and a white cyclone of plumage and a shrill chorus of outcries run all along the ledges. These are the breeding-places of the gannets, and they are here in thousands. The gulls and cormorants at Percé, it is said, are no longer as numerous as in the old days when men were fewer on the coast, but here at Bonaventure and at Bon Ami, where man seldom resorts, the birds still hold their old number.

The view of the north and south gannet cliffs from the water is most amazing, for here the eye catches the whole feathered facade of the rocks as it can not from the land. One does well, therefore, who beats about the island by sail — sometimes a tricky undertaking with the crossing currents, but comfortable enough when steered by one familiar with these waters.



GOLD LUSTRE JUGS OF BONAVENTURE ISLAND

GASPÉ STORIES AND LEGENDS

Ogress of Bonaventure Island — Virtues of Alca — Little Prisoner of Percé — LeClerc's Expedition to the Indians of the Cross — Mirage of Cape d'Espoir — Marguerite — Creation and Deluge Myth — Myth of the Recreation — Gaspé Flea

THE OGRESS OF BONAVENTURE ISLAND

When one has sought out all the attractions of Bonaventure, has stumbled over its red pebbly rocks, threaded its thickets, watched its bird cliffs, and acquainted himself with its kindly folk, let him not think that the present holds all the wonders of this charming spot. In the days when Lescarbot wrote his history of New France, it was the home of the Gou-gou.*

Gossipy narrator of the events of Cartier's, Roberval's and Champlain's voyages, Lescarbot tells of leaving Tadousac in August, and arriving at Percé, where he met Prevert, a Malouin, who had been back into the country with the Indians looking for a mine. Whatever this mine was, it was alleged to be of copper, and may have been one of those on the Grande Grève shore which have played such a role in the chronicles of the coast, but the Sieur Prevert was well scared for his pains and saw most marvelous sights on his trip, for he told of savages so wonderfully constructed that when they sat down on their "talons" their knees reached more than half a foot above their head. He had almost seen the Gou-gou, too. Lescarbot had heard of the Gou-gou and he says as one leaves the St Lawrence going south toward the Bay of Chaleur there is an island where this terrible monster lives. It has the form of a female who is a perfect fright (*fort effroyable*) and of a size so great that the masts of his ship, he was told, would not reach to her waist. The Indians were not minded to frequent her lair on Bonaventure, where she was often to be seen striding over the rocks, and now and again even crossing the channel to the mainland this strenuous

* Histoire de la Nouvelle France contenant les navigations, découvertes et habitations faites par les François és Indes Occidentales et Nouvelle-France, souz l'avoeu et autorité de noz Roys Tres-Chrétiens, et les diverses fortunes d'iceux eu l'exécution des ces choses depuis cent ans jusques à hui.

lady would catch the savages and eat them, or if she did not happen to be hungry would put them in an enormous pocket which she wore about her and consume them at her leisure. This was a very big pocket indeed, larger than any woman has been known to have since, for those who have managed to escape from the Gou-gou say that it was larger than Lescarbot's ship. She makes awful and fearsome noises, and the Indians were so afraid of her that they trembled when speaking about her. Lots of them had seen her and the *Sieur Prevert* himself had passed her demesne on his way to find his mine, and had heard her strange and terrifying bruit, and his Indians had been so frightened thereat they hid themselves, fearing she would come to carry them off.

Lescarbot had satisfied himself before he met the *Sieur Prevert* at Percé, that the story was probably the result of somebody's bad digestion and moralizes a bit over the ease with which anyone may conjure up a Gou-gou when an unwelcome task lies before him. But when the *Sieur* solemnly retold it with so much circumstance and added a cock-and-bull yarn about his copper mine where he claimed the metal was naturally reduced by the rays of the sun and ran down the mountain side, and supplemented this with his amazingly constructed Indians, the historian and Champlain, after due consideration of *Prevert's* statements, came to the conclusion that he was a liar.

That's what one gets for promoting mines in Gaspé.

THE VIRTUES OF ALCA

The sea cliffs of Gaspé and its isles are the homes of myriads of birds—Bon Ami, the Percé Rock and the walls of Bonaventure are and ever have been the nesting places of unnumbered thousands of gulls and cormorants, gannets and guillemots. I have seen the "Quay" in the Cape Rosier Cove white with gulls, and if one tosses a stone over the Bon Ami cliffs or the red walls of Bonaventure his reply is a whirl of feathered outcry and remonstrance. Farther out in the Gulf on the Magdalen and the Bird Islands the numbers of these birds must be as great as when the white man first came to the country. In those days the Great Auk, the *Alca* or *Plautus impennis*, was an important element in the bird census of the coast—great ungainly flightless gare fowl driven to extinction generations ago because it could not escape the clubs of the fishermen. De Creux described the incredible number of the

birds on this coast, and gave a picture to show the abundance of the creatures and the way the savages took them (*Historia Canadensis*, 1664). These birds look like gulls, but no gulls, unless they were young and unable to fly, would stand quietly by and take the blows being dealt them in his picture. The young gull with its grey fluffy plumage often seems of larger size than its parent and the fishermen on the coast, who spurn an old gull for food, are fond of the young ones.

Paul Juvenaeus, of the Society of Jesus, a distinguished name by its own merit among Canadians, says De Creux, and "who has accomplished things to the glory of God," observed two rocks in the mouth of the Great River, one round and the other square, "placed by God the Lord in the midst of the waters," so covered with birds from top to bottom that they resembled a dovecote; so numerous indeed were the birds that they suffered themselves to be trod on and unless one directed his steps cautiously they would by rising in sudden flight overwhelm him; indeed they would even overturn the very boats. This was the *Insula Volucrum*, the Bird Rocks of the Magdalens.

Whatever the birds were which De Creux included under the term *Alca*, it is well to know that there were ever creatures of such virtues found on the coast. I am of the conviction that the Great Auk alone is intended by our author's account, not merely because he termed it *Alca*, but his description seems to justify the inference. It is the same bird that Denys called the penguin. He speaks of the Indians hunting them after the old snow had compacted into ice. The other birds are migratory and are off south before the snows arrive, but these they caught in nets, knocked them over with sticks, a child could take one, catching it by chasing it over the snow, so hampered were they by their own clumsy weight.

One would hardly believe that the claw of the hind toe of this *Alca* was stored with marvelous virtues. Ground up fine and mixed with the liquor expressed from lilies, or a little Celtic nard, it formed a wondrous item in the Gaspesian pharmacopœia. It cures epilepsy and palpitation of the heart, is singularly efficacious in palsy of the ring-finger, trembling of the palm of the hand, and titillation of the left auricle. It is used with very satisfactory results in skin diseases, for varicose veins, flatulence, pleurisy, diarrhoea, black bile, vertigo, weeping eyes, foul humors, dullness of the head, and convulsions of the legs. For worms and colic pains it

possesses remarkable efficiency. The fishermen of the coast who slaughtered the creatures to extinction should have been well fortified against human ills. It is humanity's misfortune that the homely fowl is no more, and now the market price of Auk's eggs has gone up to \$18,000 a dozen.

THE LITTLE PRISONER OF PERCÉ

In 1661, when André Richard was the Jesuit missionary on the Gaspé coast, the Gaspeians were only a small band of barbarians, not more in number than the French fishermen who were to be found each summer at Percé, perhaps four or five hundred souls. Few as they were, outbursts of pure savagery were not infrequent among them. An Indian could not slake his thirst for blood, as the cultured white man does, by the slaughter of wild game whose death was necessary for his life rather than a gruesome and unwholesome accessory to his happiness. Another tribe was his natural enemy, an attack on it required no other excuse.

All during that winter of 1661 the young men of the tribe, eager for diversion, had urged in the Councils an expedition against the Montagnais who lived on the north shore of the Great River. The good father tried vainly to dissuade them, and with the spring they proceeded to put their designs into effect.

"I was with them," says Father Richard, "and testified to them of the grief I felt at their thoughtless enterprise, for I did not doubt that they would attack and kill the first people they encountered beyond the Gulf without taking care to find out whether they were friends or enemies." They spurned his pleas and off they went in two shallops they had bought from the French fishermen. Guided by a superstition, a dream or an impulse, they were at the mercy of every omen which their childlike intellects could draw from their natural surroundings. They were careful not to wet themselves in launching, nor to run the shallops on the sand, otherwise their expedition would fail from the start, and indeed they had not been long gone when one of their leaders recalled some order given by one of his relatives when dying and with his crew abandoned the enterprise. "*Quand quelqu'un est privé du flambeau de la Foy, il prend aisement les ténèbres pour la lumière, la nuit pour le jour et la folie et la sâtise pour la sagesse!*" exclaims the Father.

At length the remaining shallops reached Anticosti, and, passing on toward the Mingan islands, perceived a canoe shoot out from one

of them. At once they gave chase, making no inquiry whether it was friend or foe, enough that it contained human beings, the game they were seeking. The canoe contained a man, a woman, a girl and a boy, returning from a hunting expedition on the Mingans, and people of the tribe of the Papinachiouekhi, who lived up the St Lawrence just beyond the Montagnais. Armed with the white man's arquebuses, the Gaspesians pulled their guns and let fly a volley which killed all except the little boy, a child of seven, and him they wounded sorely. Scalping their victims and taking the wounded boy into their shallop, they set about, flushed with the same pride that imbues the heart of king, president and priest at the murder of a helpless deer or salmon. With shout and halloos they made their victorious return known to their tribesmen waiting on the banks of the river whence they had sailed. And as they approached the landing place they threw before them into the water the scalps they had taken and with them the little prisoner wounded as he was and who might better have been left to drown than to suffer the tortures reserved for him by his rescuers. As though he had fallen among wolves he was torn about, snatched from one to another, even though he had four bullets in his head. But at last being made over to the chieftain's wife, she drew a knife from her bosom, plunged it through the child's arm and forced him to sing as the knife hung there. No whimper or tear came from the little stoic, but all his sufferings he bore with fortitude. Vainly did the sympathetic fishermen try to get him away from his bloody captors, and the good father's pleadings and reproofs resulted only in a promise from his "children" that they would not kill the lad. Off they went to Percé, Father Richard following still in the hope of getting possession of the prisoner. There the surgeon of the fishing fleet dressed his wounds, taking three bullets from his head and leaving one in his head and one in his shoulder which he could not remove. But the boy gave no sign of his intense suffering save a sigh during the whole of this painful procedure. Quietly watching his opportunity Father Richard baptized the boy and then saw with feelings of extreme regret the lad laid in a canoe for removal to some other place. Seeking out the chieftain's wife he brought to bear upon her all the arguments he could command and all the fulminations of the church to gain her consent that the dying boy be given to him. She acceded and the council of the chiefs agreed to the ransom proposed by the priest. The tender nursing of the Father brought the lad back to life and he grew to strength again,

happy so long as he was among the Frenchmen at Percé but overwhelmed with dread and apprehension at the sight of a Gaspesian.

Father Richard soon after returned to France and took the boy with him, but he says the lad never overcame his fear of the savages or anything that suggested them. One day walking through the streets of Rouen he saw a chimney-sweep and thinking him a savage ran in terror into a shop to hide himself. In France he was educated and sent finally to the Jesuit college at Clermont to at last take his place among that body of devoted men who were the pathfinders in the New World.

LECLERCQ'S WEARISOME EXPEDITION TO THE INDIANS OF THE CROSS

Soon after his arrival in Gaspé in 1675 Father LeClercq learned of a tribe of savages living southward in the country of the Gaspeians among whom the sacred symbol was said to be a cross. This, in the dedication of his *Relation* to the Princess d'Epinoÿ, he has said "they carve, and religiously carry beneath their benches and under their garments; it presides at their councils, in their voyages and in all the important business of the nation; their cemeteries appear more Christian than barbarian from the number of crosses which they place on the graves. In a word, Madame," he adds, "they are the Athenians of the New World who were rendering their homage and adoration to the cross of a God to them unknown, while the Princes of Epinoÿ and Melun were engaged upon their celebrated voyages to the Holy Land with St Louis and our other Kings of France."

That the zealous priest should be consumed with eagerness to see these people whom he christened the Portes-Croix, to learn what he might of the origin of their sacred symbol and with a conviction that among these the seed he had come to sow would surely find a hospitable soil with promise of a rich harvest, was to be expected. It happened that in midwinter of 1677 he was at Nepisquit on the south shore of Chaleur Bay and about fifty miles away from Miramichi where these Indians lived, within the patent of Richard Denys de Fronsac, son of the Nicholas of whom we have often spoken. One of these had been sent to Nepisquit by the sagamo of the tribe to invite him to visit his people. As it happened that an Indian and his wife were just then departing for Miramichi, LeClercq decided to accompany them, notwithstanding the season, and the priest was to be further guided and provided for by Hainault de Barbaucannes, a French settler on Nepisquit Bay. It

was no great distance between the two points, but the priest found trouble enough before him. He evidently expected that the trip would be a short one or that game was to be depended on for existence, for they took for provisions only a couple dozen biscuits, five or six pounds of flour, three pounds of butter and a little bark cask of brandy which all leaked out the first day. With this luggage on their backs and raquettes on feet they started off making pretty good progress for the first day, twelve or fifteen miles over the snow. Night coming on they dug a hole four or five feet deep in the snow with their raquettes, and covering the bottom with branches slept under the moon. In the morning, never for a moment or under extremest condition forgetful of his high mission, the journey was not resumed till a little sanctuary had been constructed of fir boughs and mass celebrated with proper form and ceremony. Then off they started through the Bois Brulé, a short cut to Miramichi.

The whole country between the Nepisquit and the Miramichi had some years before been burned over, kindled by a lightning flash when the forests were extremely dry, and that day buried under the snow, deserted of all game and devoid of fuel, it was no place except for passengers who knew their destination and how to reach it quickly. Now in and out through these mournful solitudes with no guide, lost to all direction, the snow falling furiously, the little party wandered for several days. The scanty provision they had made for their journey was soon gone, with nothing left but a handful of cornmeal which they boiled in a little snow water and drank amongst them each day at evening. The strength of the party was fast failing, but they must move onward or die and on they went, Hainault leading, Father LeClercq far in the rear. They could not retrace their steps, for the new snow had covered their tracks; and without knowing where, "they went wheresoever it pleased God to lead" them.

The snow ceased and a fierce northeast wind blew in from off the Gulf; their food was gone, only a pair of Indian moccasins remained which Hainault boiled to make a thin soup. LeClercq had fallen into a buried pit and broken his raquettes and then had been precipitated over a cliff into the freezing waters of a brook up to his waist. Starving, half frozen, lamed and fainting with heart weakness, the missionary rejoiced in his sufferings and kept before his eyes the example of St Francis Xavier who died destitute and alone in his little cabin. On the seventh day they found a new made footprint of an Indian and rejoiced to think they were not far from

succor. Toward evening, while still dragging themselves slowly forward, they were overtaken by the Indian himself, who was able to give them a little food for he had taken three partridges. Again they encamped for the night and the hospitable savage would guide them out of their difficulties if they would make proper return for his services—he would like two dozen blankets, a keg of meal and three of Indian corn, a dozen cloaks, ten guns with powder and ball and numberless other things. All this he demanded as a consideration for putting them in the right way and conducting them to his cabin—little enough when starvation and death were the alternatives.

That night they once more slept in the snow and with the early morning started off without food, though the priest tarried so long at his prayers that the savage suspected him of familiar relations with the Good Spirit and demanded that he tell him what game they should get that day. The long argument that followed necessary to convince the Indian that the white man's God was something different than the god of his dreams and did not reveal himself thus to his children, took precious moments and the day was getting on, but it was after all the main purpose rather to convince the savage than to hasten to save his own life. Toward evening they caught a couple of hedgehogs, of which they made a pot of soup, and at close of day reached the cabin of the savage. They had found the end of their dangers though not yet the end of their troublous journey.

Here, however, the priest's mission to the Porte-Croix Indians began, for he found in the cabin high in the place of honor a cross adorned with glass beads. It looked down upon the heads of the Indian's wife and his concubine, and LeClercq, finding in the situation a fine opportunity for the inculcation of Christian precepts, took the symbol reverently in his hands and explained to the company the significance of this cross and that it condemned the bigamous condition in which the Indian was living, and that he must either renounce his concubine or give up his cross. The Indian declared that he would give up both wives and his children, too, rather than lose his cross, which he had received from his ancestors as the eldest son's title of inheritance and which he honored as the symbol which distinguished the Indians of Miramichi from all other tribes of New France.

It was only after another arduous journey over newly fallen snow that Father LeClercq's little party finally reached the residence of

Richard Denys, where they were soon refreshed from the painful labors of the way across the Bois Brulé. There during the remainder of the winter he preached the cross to these Indians.

It has been said by later writers in explanation of the remarkable presence of the cross in this tribe that their ancestors had derived it from the earlier French missionaries and their descendants had forgotten its origin. But it was only in 1620 that the Recollets had come to this part of the coast and established their first mission. There may have been an occasional missionary here before from the settlements south in Breton and Cadie, but in so brief a period the introduction of the cross by the Frenchmen could hardly have taken on the form of a tradition. LeClercq, seeking to elicit some information as to its origin, taxed the chieftain with having received it from some of his spiritual predecessors. "Ha! What!" said the sagamo in reply, "Thou art a patriarch; thou dost ask us to believe all that thou tellest us, and thou refuseth to believe what we say to thee. Thou art not yet forty years of age and it is only two years since thou hast dwelt among the Indians and thou dost pretend to know our maxims, our traditions and our customs better than our ancestors who taught them to us? Dost thou not still see every day the aged Quioudo who is more than one hundred and twenty years of age? He saw the first ship that approached the country.* He has often told thee that the Indians of Miramichi did not receive the cross from foreigners and whatever he knows of it he himself learned from the tradition of his fathers whose lives were at least as long as his. Thou canst then infer that we had received it before the French came to our coasts. But if thou findest still some difficulty in yielding to this argument here is another which should entirely convince thee of the truth thou callest in question. Thou hast intellect since thou art a patriarch and speakest to God. Thou knowest that the nation of the Gaspesians extends from the Cape des Rosiers to the Cape Breton. Thou art not ignorant that the Indians of the Ristigouche are our brothers and compatriots, speaking the same language with us. Thou didst leave them to come to us. Thou hast instructed them. Thou hast seen the old people who were baptized by other missionaries. If then the cross is the sacred mark which distinguishes Christians from infidels as thou teachest, tell us how it happens that the patriarchs would have given us the use of it in preference to our brothers of the Ristigouche whom they baptized and who neverthe-

*One hundred and forty-three years old, if he had been born the year of Cartier's arrival.

less have not always had the Christian symbol in veneration like our ancestors who never received this baptism."

Surprising and inexplicable as it was to find a tribe whose sole symbol of religion was the cross, yet its possessors seemed no more amenable to the Father's instructions than were the rest of the Gaspesians. It would seem that today the sagamo's argument has no standing with archeologists (if they happen to know of it) for such mysterious appearances of this simple symbol are common in early culture stages of many peoples.

THE MIRAGE OF CAPE D'ESPOIR

The curve of the coast south of Percé village ends in Cape Blanc. Thence onward runs the long shore of L'Anse à Beaufils, *anglicé*, Lanse a Buffy, ending in L'Anse du Cap or Cape Cove terminated at the south by the bold head of Cape d'Espoir. Between Cape d'Espoir, Bonaventure Island and Percé lies a stretch of water where, recounts the Abbé Ferland, remarkable performances have taken place in the play of natural forces. The fishermen of his day still told marvelous tales of what they and their fathers before them had beheld with their own eyes and in which they had been a part.

The day is calm, the waters smooth as glass. All at once and without a breath of breeze the sea becomes agitated, the waves rise in mountains, they chase and break over each other. Then of a sudden on these tormented waters appears a vessel at full sail struggling against the boiling waves. On the poop, on the fo'c'sle, in the shrouds, everywhere are seen men in the antique military garb of soldiers of another century. With foot resting on the bowsprit and ready to jump ashore, a man, who bears the marks of a superior officer, stands in the attitude of command. With his right arm he points out to the pilot the sombre cape which rises before them; on his left leans a female figure draped in a white veil.

The heavens are black, the wind whistles through the cordage, the vessel flies like a dart. A few seconds and it will break upon the rocks. Behind her rises an enormous wave, snatches her and carries her on toward Cape d'Espoir. With piercing cries, among which a female voice can be heard, she is torn to pieces and melts away in the bruit of the tempest and the crashes of the thunder.

The vision passes, and the silence of death lies upon the waters. The vessel, the pilot, the strange equipment, the soldiers, the man

of lofty bearing, the figure with the long white drapery have all disappeared. The sun shines upon a calm and glistening sea. The ripples lap the foot of Cape d'Espoir.

In the Abbé's day and in the memory of older men still living there still lay on this cape and high above the highest tide, the broken skeleton of a vessel known to all the coast as the *nauffrage anglais*. In the chronicles of the coast it was looked upon as a remnant of Admiral Walker's fleet of 1711 with which the tempests played such havoc, as we have already recounted; the heretics of to-day say it is but the keel and ribs of a schooner laid down long ago by the French on the high plateau of the cape and afterwards abandoned.

MARGUERITE

When the stern and rigorous Roberval made his second voyage to New France, in 1542, he brought out with him a large and somewhat mixed company. In so brilliant colors had he painted the attractions of the new domain to his countrymen, that not a few gentlemen of estate with their ladies had been moved to cast their fortunes with him in permanent settlement. Besides these were soldiers to maintain the new military post up the Great River, and also some convicts which their country could spare for servile labor in the new settlements. Among the adventurers Roberval brought his own niece Marguerite, accompanied by her chaperon, thinking to let her see the land or perhaps to marry her to some settler of substance and degree. It is quite probable that Marguerite was in need of separation from her friends in France, for she was a flirtatious demoiselle and either quite beyond the control of her duenna or else the latter was very remiss in her duties.

The voyage was a long and tedious one, and the passengers had time to fully acquaint themselves with one another, for there's still no place where acquaintance is so easy as on the ocean. Marguerite, bubbling over with the gentle spirit of dalliance which has got others into trouble as well as herself, became so involved with a young Norman aboard, Galliard by name, that her imperious uncle, though he could not then have left his own youth far behind, taxed her with her frivolities, reproved her for her departure from propriety and the conventions of deportment. But the effervescence of girlhood was beyond restraint, and as the young woman stood in no fear of her relation and much less of her duenna, her matters of the heart progressed so rapidly it soon became evident that even

virtue had been scarred. The commander, scandalized and indignant, was just then swinging his vessels around from the Gulf into the mouth of the Great River. His fury passed all bounds of sympathy or reason, and his wounded pride sought out the quickest and direst means of expunging the blot upon his name. Steering his vessel straight for the land he swung to alongside a rocky islet and on this blasted solitude, a dreary rock inhabited only by gulls and comorants, he disembarked the fractious Marguerite with her lover and duenna and a few bags of provisions. Grimly turning his face upon her, he sternly read out the lesson of her sin, his curse, her punishment; and thereupon set sail never again to rest his eye upon her.

The romance of love was now beaten out, its glamour rubbed off. The eternal rock, the storms, despair, suffering and death confronted them. Relief was beyond hope. In the distance were the blue outlines of the rocky mainland, but they were beyond reach and uninhabited. From there no succor could come, and the power remaining in themselves to effect salvation was nothing. The young man, perhaps to atone for the misery he had caused, took one desperate chance—the only one—knowing that almost certain destruction must await him. Gathering together loose bits of driftwood washed down by the river into the nooks of the rock, he bound them together with long stalks of tangle, making a little raft, not more than a float, and lashing himself to it by the frail withes he cast himself into the waves hoping to be carried, with the aid of such propulsion as he could give, to the shore. He never returned. We may believe that the duenna was soon snatched away by death, for in the traditions of the coast it is said that two years from the time the flinty hearted Frenchman abandoned his niece in the forsaken spot, her fearful shrieks of despair drew thither some passing fishermen who took her and her babe off but only to yield her life soon after as a result of her fearful experiences.

The fishermen say that still today in rough weather her cries can sometimes be heard along the coast as the land winds whistle down the deep ravines. This is an oft told and wandering tale, oftenest located on some unknown island of Acadia or Newfoundland. It varies in the telling but works well wherever the wind sighs and screams.

A CREATION AND DELUGE MYTH

To the Souriquois, of whom the Gaspesians were a branch, the Sun was the Supreme Deity. Sun-worship still prevailed among them when the Frenchmen arrived on their shores. It was the Sun, therefore, who created all the Universe. Having made the Earth by his fiat, he caused the waters of the Earth to part asunder and the land to appear. Then he divided the land into many parts by means of great and small lakes, and on each division of the land he created first man and then woman, and for long years they lived and peopled the Earth. But at length they became mischievous and did wickedly toward each other and their children, and even their children slew one another. When the Sun beheld this he was filled with grief and wept great floods of tears upon the Earth till the waters covered all the lands even to the tips of the highest mountains and the whole surface of the Earth was drowned. The inhabitants endeavored to save themselves from the terrific outpour in their bark canoes, but the winds overwhelmed them and they all perished miserably save a few who had lived virtuous lives, whom the Sun permitted to float in their canoes till the waters subsided. To these, as a consolation for the death of their friends, the Deity gave renewed powers and long lives so that they might repeople the earth.

This is the fabric as given by Father LeClercq, less detailed than the re-creation myth which follows, and freer of complications with theology, but singularly harmonious with the worldwide folk stories of these primitive conceptions in human development.

THE MYTH OF THE RE-CREATION

When the Earth had been drowned by the universal flood and no life was left upon its surface Michabou the Great Hare was (in the lore of the Gaspesians) the chief of the spirit world and the builder of the new earth. With the spirits of which he was master he floated over the boundless waters on a raft made of trees. Seeking to find a grain of sand out of which to build a new earth he commanded the Otter and the Beaver to dive deep into the water, if perchance they might find bottom and bring back this remnant of the drowned world, but it was in vain. The Musk-Rat, moved by a wish for the common good, then volunteered to make the trial and disappeared beneath the waters. Twenty-four hours afterward he reappeared on the surface of the water, dead. But on examining

his body closely a grain of sand was found clinging to one of his feet. The Musk-Rat had given his life to find the seed of the new earth. Seizing this sand grain the Great Hare let it fall on the raft of trees and immediately earth began to grow on the raft till it covered it all and still continued to grow. When it had grown to the size of a mountain the Great Hare made a tour of it and it still continued to grow. The Fox was charged to watch the progress of the increase and when the earth had become large enough to give life and shelter to all animals he was to inform his companions. Though the Fox labored earnestly the Great Hare was not satisfied with his report and desiring to know the exact truth made an inspection himself and found the earth too small. He then caused it to grow larger and continued to make his own inspection and to add to its size. After the formation of the land the animals retired to places which they judged most suitable.

Some of them died and out of their bodies the Great Hare made men whom he taught to fish and hunt. To each of these he presented a woman, saying "My son why fearest thou? I am the Great Hare. I have given thee life, today I give thee a companion. Man, thou shalt hunt, thou shalt carry the canoe and do everything that a man ought. Woman thou shalt prepare the food for thy husband, thou shalt bear his snowshoes. Thou shalt cure the pelts and thou shalt weave. Acquit thyself in all things as a woman should."

THE GASPÉ FLEA

I know no marks on his body by which he can be distinguished from others in the same line of industry, but I know by the marks on my body that he is there. I have never seen him and I have never felt it necessary to hunt him. It would ill beseem a visitor from mosquito laden latitudes to take exception to so ancient an accompaniment of Gaspé civilization. To spur a drowsy body to activity, or to drive a sluggish mind into diverting avenues, I know no more direct stimulus. Rome would be as little Rome without St. Peter's as without her fleas. Unaided by this prodding, the intellectual zeal of the Germans, the philosophies of the Scots would surely have languished. Indeed the world has wholly failed to recognize its debt to these reminders of our presence upon earth.

Burns has apostrophized the louse in immortal lines; that fell foe to slumber, the bed-bug, has descended to us along a most ancient and distinguished lineage through a series of adaptations that can-

not fail to arouse the highest interest in the student of natural selection. None sings its praises, but no one who knows its history can cease to wonder at its performances. Ages gone its ancestors lived in the sea orderly and independent lives. In time it adapted itself to terrestrial habits, to life in the virgin forest, and by gradual modification to an existence depending on the life of others. As man broke in upon the primitive forests it gradually attached itself to him and to his domicile, then to the cracks and crevices therein, more particularly to those of his wooden bedstead. Nature has rarely offered so brilliant an illustration of quick adaptiveness by change of habitat, and it will be an interesting problem of generations to come to note the transformation through which this race will pass on the abolition from human habitations of attractive crannies for its lurking and breeding places.

For the flea, however, if it has a distinguished ancestry and a variegated career we are still ignorant of it. The little beast, tiresome at times, seems to have for its mission to tone up the more venerable civilizations of the earth, to stimulate to new endeavor or to lethal forgetfulness of the obsolete and useless.

Our little Canadian friend, full of exuberant expression when the hay is being cut, constitutes one of the brilliant features of the invisible scenery of the coast.

